

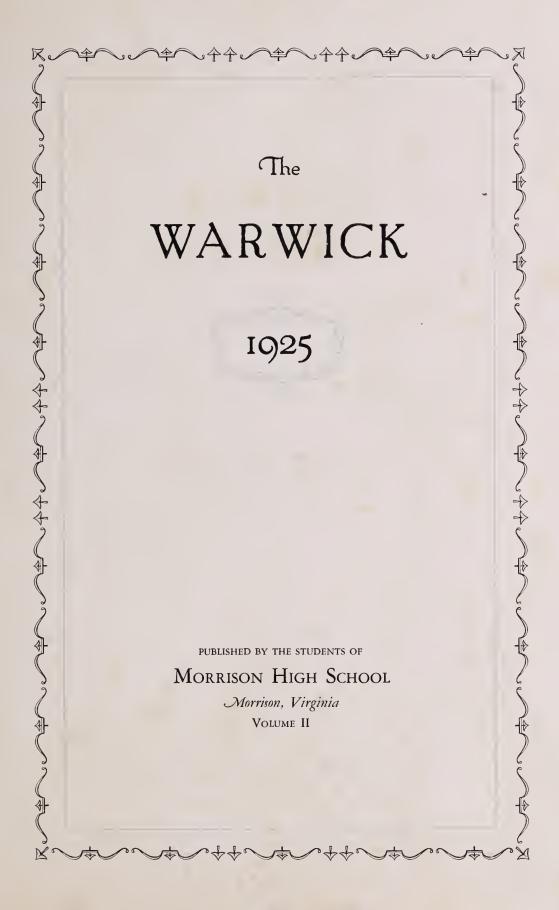






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FOREWORD

Thas been the sincere and earnest endeavor of the Warwick Staff to prepare in the following pages a chronicle of the various events and activities of the Morrison High School during the past year. It has been our aim and pleasant duty to preserve the ideals and aspirations of those who have worked to keep high the standards of our Ilma Mater, feeling that devotion to our School is a privilege not lightly to be regarded.

As we present to you the following pages, we feel that our efforts shall be fully repaid should you find there a gleam of happiness in reviewing old memories, or an inspiration to be ever loyal to our old High and to our associates within her walls.



B. L. Poindexter CHAIRMAN of the BOARD

Dedication

to

Benjamin Lee Poindexter

IN APPRECIATION OF HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS AND SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING OF OUR EVERY NEED, FOR HIS UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO OLD MORRISON, FOR HIS FURTHERANCE OF THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, FOR THE TRUE FRIEND.

SHIP HE HAS EXTENDED EVERY STUDENT, WITH THE DEEPEST APPRECIATION FOR HIS EVERY EFFORT IN OUR BEHALF, WE DEDICATE THIS THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE

"Warmick"



Robert Hinton Pride

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



HERE are many things to engage the attention when school work is left behind; there are a multitude of professions from which to choose; and there is grave danger that, becoming involved in the maze of practical affairs that constitute this practical world of ours, one

may lose sight of the chief objective and thus render real success in life impossible.

Yet there is one thing which, if kept in mind and adhered to, will assure real success; and that thing is—service. The general pitiable state of affairs in the world today would not exist if there were not a prevalent spirit of extreme individualism and cgotism. There is nothing worse than egotism to the exclusion of every altruistic tendency; and there is nothing more desirable than a true spirit of service. No matter what profession one may choose, no matter what may be one's condition in life,—the extent to which success will be attained is to be measured not by financial condition or political eminence but by the life one lives in his relations with his fellow-beings.

May I then be permitted to give this one last word of advice to those of the graduating class: Let a spirit of service ever be your guiding light while traveling the road of life; doing so, you need never fcar that you have failed in your duty, that you have lived in vain.

R. H. Pride

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Faculty

County School Board

B. C. Charles - - - Superintendent

B. L. Poindexter - - Chairman

P. A. White - - - Clerk

HARVEY YODER

R. T. CURTIS

Faculty

R. H. Pride - - - Principal

Dorothy H. Trutti - - Assistant Principal

NELLIE E. CARR - - - History and English

Genevieve H. Bonnewell History and English

Nellie F. Richardson - French and Spanish

HAZEL H. THORPE - - Latin

RUTH E. KLINE - - - - Home Economics

EVELYN M. RYCE - - - Mathematics

W. W. POWELL - - Bible

J. D. Crigler - - - Science

Constance Adams - - - Secretary to Principal



The Warwick Staff

Warwick Staff

Belding Underwood - - Editor-in-Chief

Zella Maney - - - Associate Editor

HERMIE HARPER - - - Literary Editor

George Davis - - - Athletic Editor

AGNES HUNTER - - Art Editor

George Bergh - - - Joke Editor

Eliza Hunter - - - Business Manager

PAUL LESTER - - - Asst. Business Manager

Harvey Hall - - - Advertising Manager

Susie Smith - - - Asst. Adv. Manager





Evelyn M. Ryce sponsor

CLASSES



··Never Give Up"

Suppose for a minute, you stumbled and fell To the bottom I'll say, of a ninety foot well, And nobody heard you or answered your shout Would you lie there and die, and not try to get out?

Suppose you were brought into bay by a brute With no one to throw you a rifle to shoot, With no one to help in your terrible plight, Would you give up your life without making a fight?

Well, those little troubles which you have, my dear, Are nothing compared to what others may fear. So why do you whimper and whine at your case If hy give up and quit without running the race?

Remember, my friend, when you're troubled by doubts, From caverns of gloom, men have worked their way out, When the Fates have you cornered, your courage must show, With plack you'll not die at the very first blow.



" Krier Gire Tip"

Surpose of minute, you stanced on the rote on l'Il ay, if a nine y fock of individual you wastered you have the Il all of the can't die, and not up to get car?

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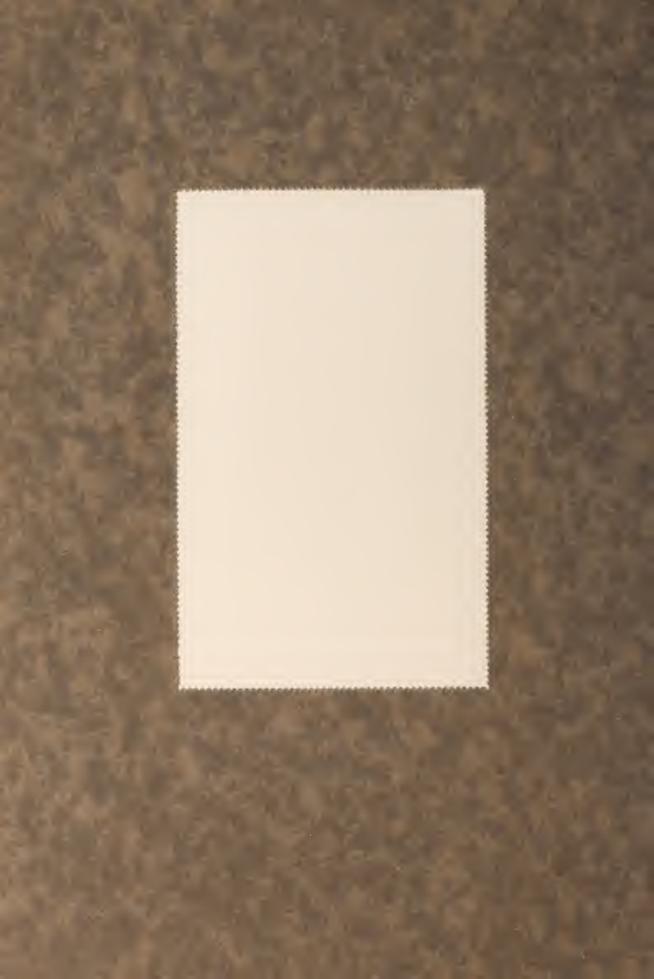
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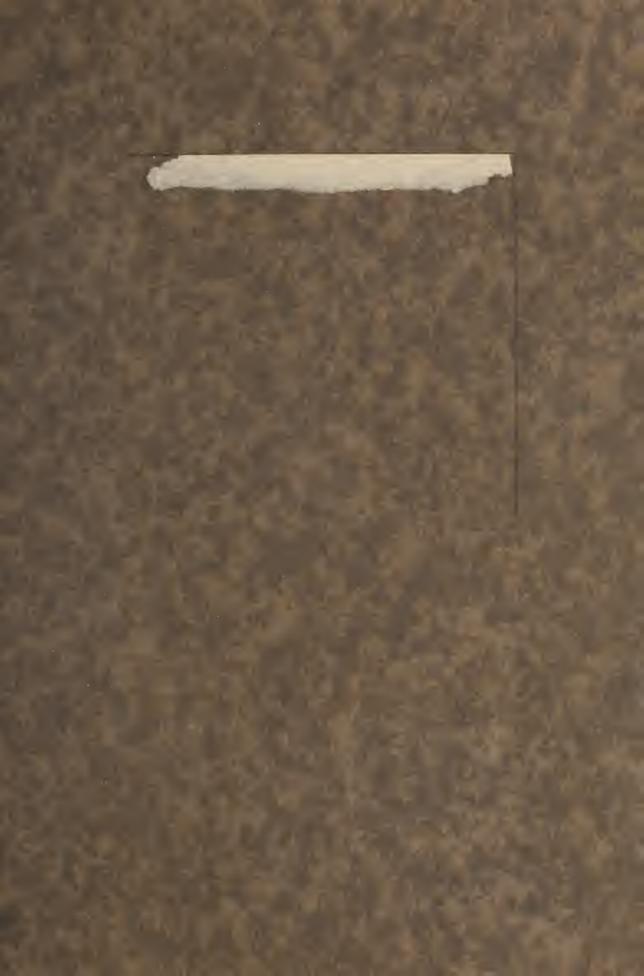
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Senior Class

Colors: RED AND WHITE

Motto: UNION IS STRENGTH Flower: SWEET PEA

Officers

ELIZA HUNTER	President
SARAH FLOYDVice	-President
ZELLA MANEY	Secretary
MARION FREEMAN	Treasurer

Roll

Eliza Hunter
Zella Maney
Stuart Harris
Martha Peters
Iris Robertson
Gladys Rowe
Marvin Horton
Roselyn Tabb
Virginia Walker
Thelma White
Elliott Thomas
Frances Williamson
Belding Underwood
Alta Yoder

George Bergh
Maude Burcher
Jean Brebner
Marion Freeman
Horace Campbell
Sarah Floyd
Horace Campbell
Ruth Gibson
Mabel Handy
Hermie Harper
George Davis
Helen Hobbs
Mary Holland

ELIZA HUNTER

"Liza"

President Class, '24, '25.
Business Manager Warwick, '24, '25.
President Latin Club, '24, '25.
Secretary Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25.
Glee Club, '24, '25.
Girl Reserve Cabinet, '24, '25.
Latin Club, '24, '25.
Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24.
Athletic Board Control, '23, '24.
Advertising Manager Warwick, '23, '24.
Class Creed, '23, '24.

"None but herself can be her equal."

Hail to our leader and class president, who has led us on to victory. One of the greatest virtues is dependability, and Eliza has it. If she promises to do anything, it will be done, regardless of circumstances. Then you have guessed the secret of her success. As a literary genius and scholar, Liza ranks high, and her ability to carry on our "Warwick" is known to everyone. Eliza's motto is "If a senior, be a good one," and she lives up to it. How we hate to lose her, for we have no one to take her place. The best of success to you always Eliza. May yours be a brilliant future.



SARAH E. FLOYD

"Puggy"

Poindexter Literary Society. Vice-President, '23, '24, '25. Sccretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club. Girls' Basketball, '24. Girls' Track, '24. Home Economics Club. Chairman Social Committee of G. R., '25. Annual Play, '23. Play, '25. Glee Club, '25.

"Her stature's tall. I hate a dumpy woman."

Puggy is capable, jolly and always ready to lend a helping hand. Her success in Morrison High School speaks louder than words. With her bewitching eyes, she is irresistible to everyone, especially to boys. She is graceful and a fine dancer. She also knows how to bluff—a useful asset in more than one case.





GEORGE BERGH "Birdie"

Secretary Poindexter Literary Society, '24. '25.
President Monogram Club, '23, '24.
Football, '23, '24, '25.
Captain Basketball, '24, '25.
Dramatic Club, '23, '24. '25.
Manager Basketball, '23, '24.
Athletic Board Control, '24, '25.
Joke Editor Warwick, '23, '24, '25.
Scrap Bag, '24, '25.

"What I have been taught, I have forgetten, what I know I have guessed."

True to this type, George is a perpetual tease and just full of mischief. He is a jolly old sport and the best of pals. Many times have we been in need of an honest-to-goodness laugh, and it was George who came to rescue us. George is quite a ladies' man but seems to hold on to his heart with a pretty firm grip.



MAUDE BURCHER

"Sheba"

Poindexter Literary Society, '24, '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25. Glee Club, '24, '25. Girl Reserve, '24, '25.

Beware of those bewitching eyes and vamping ways. Maude is a regular flirt, but then who tries to keep her from capturing their hearts? Sheba likes everybody, that's why everybody likes her. A live wire, an attractive personality, a good sport, a true friend—these are the qualities that make us so fond of Maude.

JEAN BREBNER "Jean-O"

Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24. Poindexter Literary Society, '24, '25. Annual Play, '23, '24, '25. Sccretary Girl Reserve, '24, '25. Glee Club, '25.

"A comrade blithe and full of glee Who dares to laugh out loud and free."

Our own little Jean-o is one of a happy-go-lucky nature. She is one of those girls who can win her way into any one's heart. Jean can be full of fun, and she has the charm to make the dullest party gay. Everyone likes to have her around, for she is full of pep and a peach of a pal. We trust that she will laugh her way up the steep places of life.



MARIAN GRACE FREEMAN

"Katy"

Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24, '25. Basket Ball, '23, '24, '25. Glee Club, '24, '25. Girl Reserve, '24, '25. Treasurer Class, '23, '24, '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25. French Club, '23, '24. Modern Language Club, '24, '25.

"So winsome lass, tis rare you'll see For charm of originality."

"Katy" is a truly charming, modest bit of sunshine, for she always seems to make things brighter wherever she goes. She is witty and gay, scemingly carefree, yet beneath it all lies a great seriousness of purpose. Marian is as kind-hearted and loving a soul as anyone would care to meet, always ready to do anything she can for one. One with so sweet a nature is bound to win out in whatever she undertakes.





HORACE HAROLD COMPBELL

Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24, '25, HI-Y Club, '23, '24, '25. Baseball, '23, '24. Basketball, '23, '24. Latin Club, '23, '24. Track, '23, '24. Dramatic Club, '24, '25.

"A young man, tall, straight and strong and handsome."

Horace is the personification of good nature, and the possessor of an equal quality of fun and studiousness. He has a pleasant smile, and a good word for everyone, and we have found him to be a most genial and happy-go-lucky sort of person. Such a combination of qualities could hardly make anything but a success of their possessor. In any field of his own choosing here's luck, Horace.



RUTH GIBSON "Boots"

Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24. Poindexter Literary Society, '24, '25. Glee Club, '24, '25. Girl Reserve, '24, '25. French Club, '23, '24. Modern Language Club, '24, '25. Secretary Bible Class. Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25.

"Not too sober—, not too gay, But a good true girl in every way."

A sunny temper, a quiet dignity, and a real comrade thus we have characterized Ruth. During her four years in high school she has won a host of friends thru her easygoing manner, and winning smile. I do not know just what your "hereafter" ambitions are, but may luck always follow cur cutest girl.

MABEL FRENCH HANDY "Jummy"

Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24.
Asst. Secretary Society, '23, '24.
Basketball, '23, '24.
Dramatic Club, '24, '25.
Track Team, '23, '24.
Treasurer Girl Reserve, '24, '25.
Annual Play, '24, '25.
Home Economics Club, '24, '25.
Glee Club, '24, '25.

"To know her is to love her."

Here's to Mabel—a jolly girl. there is anything going on, you are sure to find her hanging around with a mis-chievous smile. We all know Jimmy is a good ole pal; her blue eyes, curly hair, and frenchy ways attract attention wherever she goes. Her spontaneous good humor makes us ever willing to be the victim of her wit. Dame Fortune says that life holds lots of good things in store for Mabel. That's only a fair exchange for the good things she has given us.



EDITH HERMENIA HARPER

"Hermie"

Dramatic Club, '23, '24, '25.
Annual Play, '23, '24, '25.
French Club, '23, '24, '25.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24.
Literary Editor Warwick, '24, '25.
Ass. Secretary Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24. '24, '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25. Girl Reserve, '24, '25. Glec Club, '24, '25.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you Weep and you weep alone.

Hermie is the possessor of the best nature and the sweetest disposition in our class. If you are blue or in trouble, go to her. But how she can giggle! And from her talking ability, we might judge her long-winded enough to make first place on a track team. Perhaps some day she will be a lawyer and out argue all others of her day.





GEORGE T. DAVIS, JR.

"Georgie"

President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24.
President Junior Class, '24.
HI-Y Club, '24, '25.
Dramatic Club, '23, '24, '25.
French Club, '24.
Football, '23, '24.
Baseball, '24.
Monogram Club Secretary.
Bible Class.
Athletic Editor of Warwick.
Class Poet,

"Once a friend always a friend."

Where could we have found a more fitting quotation for George? Here we have one of the most energetic, calm, and unassuming boys in the class. Besides being the best sport, he is one of the few who has had courage enough to struggle with French for the past two years. He carries his ability to strive on to the athletic field as well, and proves his merits in that line to be worthy of praise. George has tried oratory and acting, and horse-back riding, in fact, he's what we might call good allround.



HELEN HOBBS

"H-2"

Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24. Vice-President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25. President Home Economics Club, '24, '25.

"A thousand cupids in those curls do sit."

And what atmosphere could be more suited to those cupids, than her sweet musical voice, and her charming manners? She is a lovely bit of woman interested in "fine acts," cooking, sewing, and dancing: What will we do without Helen to play at our entertainments? She has a queer combination of qualities. A way of laughing at you without hurting your feelings. She is quite a modern girl, and yet there is something which reminds us of that quaînt music of yesterday. If anyone is fortunate enough to have her try out her domestic theories with him for life, we'll say she'll make a dandy little partner.

MARY EGGLESTON HOLLAND

"Lee"

Treasurer Athletic Association, '23, '24.
Treasurer Dramatic Club, '23, '24.
Captain Track, '23, '24.
Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24, '25.
(Vice-President, '24, '25.)
Vice-President Glee Club, '24, '25.
Chairman Girl Reserve Service Committee, '24, '24.
Cheer Leader, '23, '24, '25.
Basketball, '23, '24.
Annual Play, '23, '24, '25.
Modern Language Club, '24, '25.
Home Economics Club, '24, '25.

"Nothing can describe her."

Full of fun and sparking with wit, Mary is popular at all gatherings where her jokes and mischief endear her to everyone. In school a smothered laugh, a half controlled giggle, help materially in relieving the tedious monotony in History. She is loyal, frank, and full of energy in various sports. She's a good friend. A smile will go a long way, so "Lee" has a bright outlook.



ZELLA ANN MANEY

"Kenny"

Asst. Adv. Mgr. "Warwick, '24. Asst. Editor "Warwick", '25. Latin Club, '24, '25. Treasurer Home Economics Club, '25. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25. Class Secretary, '24, '25. Annual Play, '25.

"So wise yet so young"

When we see Kenny's name blazing the hall of fame we will remember our old high school days and boost that she is an old schoolmate. Zella is as carefree as a little butterfly. Any time, anywhere, under any circumstances you will find her with a broad, happy grin on her face. Poor ole Kenny—we work her almost to death; but being a healthy specimen and a good sport, we hope she will survive.





IRIS MAE ROBERTSON

Vice-President French Club. '23, '24. President Modern Language Club, '24, '25. Glee Club. '24. '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25. Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24. Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25.

"To hear her sing—To hear her sing. It is to hear the birds of Spring."

Iris has a smooth, pleasing voice which bespeaks her. She is quite a popular member of our class—she has made herself so. We think she will Ford the stream of life with a cherry song, for we feel sure that her happy past will be reflected in her future.



GLADYS ETHLHEA ROWE

French Club, '24, '25. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25. Poindexter Literary Society, '24. Glee Club, '25.

"Dignity-Dignity hath a charm all its own!"

Gladys is one of our quiet persistent Seniors who takes her time and seldom fails to get what she wants. Gladys belongs to the part of our class that upholds our rep by preserving to our class the title "dignified Seniors" She possesses a certain grace and charm that is in itself, distinctive while she is further gifted with a quiet tongue, and even disposition. She is capable, and reliable and one of those who always has her work in on time. Surely we can expect fine things of her in the future.

EDWARD STUART HARRIS "Stute"

President Athletic Association, '24, '25. Monogram Club, '24, '25. Captain Football, '24. Baseball, '24, '25.

"Better late than never."

Stuart is one of our quiet young men who sits back and pays close attention, when he thinks the teacher is watching him. He is nearly always late, but that is accounted for by his unusual interest in extraactivities. Anyway, when he does come he has a line which almost convinces his teachers that he has studied. "Stute" is one of our old stand-bys, for whenever we want someone to help us, he is ever-ready. We have to admire his ability to play football as well as the art of breaking hearts. Strong, athletic and full of the energy of youth, we expect "Stute" to be center and tackle in the great game of life.



MARTHA JEANETTE PETERS "Bobby"

Secretary Literary Society, '23, '24, '25. President Girl Reserve. Secretary of Modern Language Club. French Club. Annual Play, '25. Home Economics Club.

"A brilliant mind is a constant source of pleasure."

Poise, maturity of mind and fine executive ability—that's Martha. Her jolly disposition has won a warm place in the hearts of her classmates. When she is around we notice her and when she talks we listen with eagerness. Through her ambition and "go" she has made an enviable record at "H1". No matter how dark the day Martha can give us a smile and a lovely thought. But watch out! There's a frankness about her that makes us wince under her displeasure. There's no doubt of that.





MARVIN EDWARD HORTON

"High Pockets"

Football, '24, Basketball, '24,'25, Baseball, '25, HI-Y Club, Dramatic Club, Annual Play, '24, '25, President Monogram Club, President Wilson Literary Society, Class Phophet, '25,

"Why worry—it will happen anyway."

A lot o' pluck, a run o' luck Backed by a cheerful grin, And in his eye we read I'll try! And then we watch him win."

And then we watch him win.

Marvin is always ready for fun, his greatest weakness is his tongue. "Pockets" toils not, but he is good enough bluffer to get by with it. Because of his care-free easy-going manners he will always have friends wherever he goes.



ROSELYN HOWARD TABB

"Osie"

"Take everybodys advice, then do as you please."

To meet Roselyn is a pleasure, to leave her is a regret. Whenever you want a favor done, "Osie" is ready to help you with her christian spirit, and cheery disposition, she has won a host of friends. Nothing is definitely known about what

Nothing is definitely known about what she will do after graduation but we seem to see the bride ship not far distant.

VIRGINIA WALKER "Reds"

Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24, '25. Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25. French Club, '23, '24, '25. President Glee Club, '24, '25. Secretary Home Economics Club, '24, '25. Girl Reserve, '24, '25. Dramatic Club, '24, '25.

"And must I work? Oh, what a waste of time."

In Virginia one finds a true friend, not the type that comes to all her acquaintances, and takes to them little experiences and matters. She evidently believes that the way to a man's heart is thru his eyes, for she is interested in Robert Brownings theory, and she has the ability to translate the meanings of a certain person's heart beats. Oh, end all this and make two lovers happy.



THELMA NOREAN WHITE "Thell"

Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24, Girl Reserve, '24, '25. Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25. Bible Club, '24, '25.

"She is calm, because she is mistress of her subject, the secret of self possession."

We predict success, for Thelma has proved herself to be very efficient, and tho retiring in nature, she is perfectly capable of facing any situation, however difficult. We do not know what she will do after graduation, but she has so many good traits that we know she will succeed.





ELLIOTT THOMAS

"Duddey"

I love to talk and talk and talk. I pull a lot of clever stuff, My one regret in life is this I don't get listened to enough.

They say fat people are always goodnatured. And Duddey is the personification of good nature and fun.

Always ready to have some fun, into trouble, and out again.

Ask Elliott, "do you believe in promiscous talking", and he will answer, "yes, always and forever". He is happy-go-lucky, and carefree, and a member of other things which with his natural luck makes us sure he will succeed in the future as he has in the past.



FRANCES LANGLEY WILLIAMSON "SASSY"

Wilson Literary Society, '24, '25 Capt. Girls Basketball, '23, '24, '25, French Club, '23, '24. Athletic Board of Control, '23, '24, '25. Sec. Athletic Association, '24, '25. Vice-Pres. Modern Language Club, '24, '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25, Girls Reserve Club, '24, '25, Girls Reserve Club, '24, '25. Treas. Bible Club, '24, '25. Glee Club, '24, '25. Senior Play, '24. Poindexter Literary Society, '23, '24,

> "She's jolly, good natured and true, And her share she's willing to do."

Here's Frances, how fortunate we are to have her for a friend. If she doesn't strike "Edwards" she intends to paddle her canoe toward Radford and be a school teacher. We all envy Frances' ability to play basket ball and we feel sure that she will star in life, as she has brilliantly shown in her athletic career. Three cheers for her success.

BELDING UNDERWOOD

"Boozo

Censor Wilson Literary Society, '23, '24, '25. Vice-President Dramatic Club, '23, '24, '25. Vice-President Hi-Y Club, '23, '24, '25. Vice-Pres. Athletic Association, '23, '24, '25. Vice-President Monogram Club, '23, '24, '25. Manager Football, '23, '24, '25. Basketball, '23, '24, '25. Capt. Base Ball, '23, '24, '25. Bible Class, '24, '25. Editor-in-Chief Warwick, '24, '25.

"Ambition rules my brain and love my heart."

Belding's the jolliest of sports and best of pals. Some think him shy and bashful, but he's different. "Handsome is as handsome does". Well this member of our class is handsome as—well he's handsome, he's popular and he's clever. Boozo is editor-inchief of our "Warwick", here he stands supreme, as evidenced by his ability to preside over staff meetings. He stars in athletics and is of the one of the brighest types of good fellows in M. H. S. Also he has not succeeded in escaping the wiles of the fair sex. Oh! Ye love-sick one".



ALTA YODER "Freddie"

Latin Club, '23, '24, '25. Home Economics Club, '24, '25,

"Still water runs deep".

Here's to Alta, one of the sweetest and neatest girls in the class. We all love her, and how we do envy her accurate mind. She never neglects her studies, but always finds time to help others. Alta has learned that speech is silver but silence is golden. So small, so quiet one would not know she was present.



Class Poem

How swift the last four years have flown, And now 'tis plain to see,
That we will ne'er be here again,
Except in memory.
For now we see, let come what may,
The end is drawing near,
When we must bravely, sadly say,
Good-bye, our High School dear.

Farewell, dear classmates, e'er we part To sail o'er life's broad sea, All happy, yet still sad at heart, To be from school set free. Dear teachers, not in verse or prose, Can we your due praise tell, But may you kindly think of those Who bid you now farewell.

We trust the future years will show, The work your hands have wrought, Perfected as we older grow In word, in deed and thought. Dear under-classmates, now receive Our farewell, one and all, And if you're wise, as we believe, You'll all be back next fall.

We part for years, perhaps who knows But that we part forever,
Yet one thing we suggest to those
From whom we must now sever;
Learn of thyself much to demand,
And place your aims so high,
That they shall lead to that far land
Where none shall say good-bye.

Class History

Four years ago, we as a class, did not exist. We were attending various schools, for the Morrison High School Building was not then a reality. We still remember those first days spent in our respective schools where we were quite bewildered by our new surroundings amid the austere glances of the mighty Seniors.

Still we managed to eke out our existence as insignificant Rats, and finally came to a glorious day when, with an exaggerated idea of our own importance, we became Sophomores. Now we could hiss "Freshies", as we considered ourselves far beyond that stage. Some of us worked while others played, while others deserted us for positions in the commercial world.

Finally as Juniors we became one class in the new, but then woefully incomplete Morrison High School. We began our studies amid hardships that very few classes have needed to experience. If nothing else, we had good training for an athletic career or for acrobatic performers on the vaudeville stage. The top flooring had not been laid, so we followed the age-old sailors' custom of "walking the plank" to our classrooms. We had plain white walls instead of blackboards; and when the latter were at last put in, we had to move out.

Even now cold shivers race down our spines when we think of those winter days without a furnace. Yet we will never forget the joy with which we received the news that we would have a week's holiday while the heating system was being installed. We thawed out and had a wonderfully good time, returning prepared to work harder than ever.

The grave question had arisen as to whether or not we should have an annual. We decided to have one, and to make it the best possible. After a long and tedious search for a name, we chose "The Warwick". All thirty of us Juniors want earnestly to work to raise the necessary money. It was a hard struggle; for no sooner was "The Warwick" well under way, when there arose the problems of organizing literary societies, forming an Atheletic Association, and various other clubs needed in school life.

However, we never allowed it to become a matter of all work and no play, for we believed in enjoying ourselves. We tried to make ourselves the peppiest Juniors that ever were, and proved to be so by having all kinds of parties and dances.

Then we came into our own as dignified Seniors. Feeling proud and important, we tried to be worthy of our great responsibility. The past three years had flown quickly and we still had much to do. Some new members joined us, while a few did not return; but as one class we went to work determined that nothing should stop us from graduating. When early in the year our class rings came, we enthusiastically declared they were the best looking any class had ever had.

Again we thought of our annual; for we knew that in years to come, it would serve as a mirror reflecting happy days spent at Old Morrison. Once more we tried various ways of raising money, for we felt that this year's Warwick must represent our best efforts.

We tried to make our last year our best year both from a standpoint of studying and of having a good time. We have succeeded so well that we feel all the more reluctant to leave a place where old friends and old memories bind us so closely. Because we have enjoyed so keenly our stay here, and because life has indeed been full for us, we now find the deepest regret mingled with the joys of graduation.

We can only say, as we leave Morrison, that we trust future years may bring to her greatest of blessings, and that each class which follows us may be as happy as we have been.

ROSELYN TABB, '25.



Class Prophecy

It was just after I had received my diploma from high school that I was permitted to take a trip abroad and thus realize a desire that I had always had for travel. As I left the dear old United States, I little thought that it would be twelve years before I should return home again; but Fate directed that as secretary of an American business man, I should remain that long in England. At the end of the said twelve years I decided to come back home.

As I boarded the ship in England, whom was I to meet but Horace Campbell and Marion Freeman. They had been to London on missionary work, and you can imagine I was glad enough to see these old friends from home. I must not fail to tell you, though, that Horace is now a noted evangelist; in other words a second Billy Sunday.

While we were sitting there talking over old times, a big husky officer approached us. Who do you think it was? None other than Elliott Thomas. After our greetings were over, Elliott invited us up to see the Captain. Upon my word, it was the surprise of my life; for the Captain was our old school truck skipper, George Bergh. After this meeting, we began to talk about former days back at Old Morrison High and to speculate on what had happened to the rest of our classmates.

On November 23, 1937, I reached Old Point and saw to my surprise three of the largest hotels in America. Next I found that Phoebus and Hampton were one big city called Hambus, for the two towns had even combined their names. Upon reaching Newport News, I found that it had become one of the greatest and largest harbors in the world, and had changed so much that I hardly knew it.

At last I reached Hilton, and stopped in amazement to realize that it was really the same place I had left so many years before. I somehow managed to find my way home and greet the family who were everjoyed at my return.

The next day I started out to look around. The first place I went to was the stores that are just off Main Street. Instead of the little two-story stores, there were large ones of ten and twelve. On front of one store was written G. W. Davis & Co., Sellers of First Class Furniture. I went in and found my old school mate, George Davis.

While George was showing me some furniture, in walked one more of my old school chums. I addressed her as Miss Virginia Walker, but she protested and said, "Not now."

"Well, what is it then?" I asked with a broad smile.

"Mrs. Underwood," She replied, blushing deeply.

As we were walking around the store, George invited us into his big office. Who was his head bookkeeper but Mary Holland? Two of his very best saleswomen came in. They were Iris Robertson and Mable Handy.

As it was near dinner time, Mrs. Underwood invited us over to dinner. We had all arrived and were sitting around the table when I heard a car stop outside and the front door slammed. Who do you think came in? It was none other than my old

school chum, Belding Underwood, just home from Washington. To my surprise I found out that he was a Senator, and had come home for the great purpose of seeing the game between Morrison and Newport High.

Later in the afternoon George suggested that we go to the show. As the curtain rose, the stage manager announced that they had a special play on for the day. Soon we heard the trills of beautiful voices. The music was great. Then the singers came out on the stage, I strained my eyes and discovered Jean Brebner, Maude Burcher, and Thelma White. They were just from Broadway and were making a hit up in Hilton.

After the show we went to the best hotel in the city. Upon the glass was written Peters and Hobbs—First Class All American Hotel. I went inside and there stood Ruth Gibson as Head Waitress. After supper was over, Ruth showed us all the parts of the hotel. While we were in the dining room, in came the two owners, Helen Hobbs, the champion giggler of the class of '25 and Martha Peters.

As we left we proposed that all of us meet again the next day at the big football game, and you may be sure we were all there. When the Morrison boys came running out on the field, there was my old class mate, Stuart Harris, running with them. The game was one of the best and hardest fought I have ever seen, and when it ended both teams were fighting for all they were worth.

Following the game we went over to the dear old Morrison High School. There to my astonishment I met some more of my old class mates. Frances Williamson, Captain and star guard of the girls' basketball team in the year 1925 was coach of the girls' basket ball team and girls physical director in all the schools on the Peninsula. Alta Yoder was teaching Latin and Greek.

The next night my old football mate and school day chum, Stuart Harris, invited us all down to attend the football banquet, and I'll say that this was the best time that I have had in many a day.

The following afternoon as I was walking down Main Street looking into the windows, I saw written upon one Floyd & Harper, Manicuring. The names looked familiar, and so I entered. There stood Sarah Floyd and Herm'e Harper, the champion "preacher" vamps of our class.

I did not have the pleasure of seeing Eliza Hunter as she was away on a business trip, but I saw in the papers that she was president of the Woman's Debating Society of Hilton Village. Another item that caught my interest was that Roselyn Tabb, now happily married, was coming back to Hilton to visit some of her friends.

Continuing my reading of the paper, I saw that there was going to be a beauty contest held at the Davis Furniture Store the next day. Being a great admirer of beauty, I decided to go. When I arrived on the scene, I found that Zella Maney had won the prize.

Now, class mates, students, ladies and gentlemen, I will ask you kindly not to be too harsh in your criticism of my prophesy; for I do not call myself a writer, but merely profess to have recorded the clear visions that have come to me of the happy futures of my class mates in the years that are to come.

MARVIN E. HORTON,

Class Prophet

"Blue Ridge Rattlers"

I was sitting in the Appalachian Sub-station at the county seat of Buchanan one fine morning, reading the Sunday paper which always got to us on Tuesday. The air was fairly cool, as the morning fog had not yet lifted, but the day promised plenty of heat.

Just as I laid down my paper to go to breakfast, the line phone rang the two longs and a short which was our call. I answered the phone with serious misgivings. I had heard one of the transformers roaring about an hour and a half before, and had been expecting trouble. The call was from headquarters. I heard King's voice above the loud popping and cracking of the old-fashioned phone.

"Johnston, there is a blown out insulator somewhere between Grundy and Poplar. Get to it as quick as you can. The current will be off from twelve-thirty till one. You should be able to fix the insulator in that time or replace it if necessary".

Speaking of sad words of tongue and pen, those were the saddest I had heard since the last time I had fixed an insulator. It is one of the hardest tasks a linesman has to perform.

I ate my breakfast, bundled my belt and books and started out on the fifteen miles of mountain right of way between Grundy and Poplar. At eleven-thirty I had covered about seven miles and had not yet sighted the damaged insulator. The sun had come out in full strength, and the weight of the climbing hooks and tool belt made the going rather hard. I arrived finally at the top of a ridge and was facing a descent of about seven hundred yards. That, however, did not worry me; but, looking still farther ahead, I saw another ridge which rose about two hundred yards higher than the one I was on. There was a structure of two poles on top of each ridge, and the three power wires, bearing eighty-eight thousand volts of electricity were stretched across the intervening space like train lines.

As I glanced along these wires, I noticed that one of them was out of line. Therefore, though it was too far away to see the condition of the bottom insulators, I knew that the broken one was on the next structure. There is an old saying among the mountaineers that every time you go down a hill you have to climb one; so, with this in mind, I decided to try my luck around the ridge away from the right of way. As I had nearly an hour before the current was to be cut off, I could take things easy.

I fared right well till I got about half way to the structure. I was walking along through a sparse growth of large oaks. The ground was covered with boulders and small stones with a little shale scattered about—an ideal place for snakes of any description, I thought. An imaginary snake always scared me more than a real one.

I was not to do without a real thing very long, however. The hair on the back of my neck scemed to stand straight out, and maybe it did; but I didn't take time to find out, for about twenty yards to my right there was a sound and sight that even my inexperience in mountain lore could not mistake.

I had been told many tales of the striking ability of the "Rattler". Some maintained that these snakes could jump three times their length, and if that was so, this old fellow could have jumped about twelve feet. He was really about four feet long, but as he was the first I had seen outside of a cage, he appeared to be about nine.

I grabbed up a long pole, and growing brave momentarially, advanced. I lost courage, however, when he coiled up and darted out his fangs. In my mind's cye I could see him jumping about twenty-four feet and striking my throat or face.

I withdrew to a safer distance and picked up some large stones. The first one I threw cut the snake in two places. The second mashed his head and killed him.

When wounded, a rattlesnake has the most terrible odor imaginable. When this odor reached me I was again terrorized. I knew that if any rattlers were within a quarter of a mile of me they would come to the assistance of their brother, for the rattlesnake has a very delicate sense of smell and it is by this sense that they appeal for help.

Hardly had this thought crossed my mind when I heard a sinister buzzing across to my left. Turning, I started to go in the opposite direction only to see two more coiled beside the bedy of their dead comrade.

The rattler is hard to locate by his rattle. The "whir-r-r" of one snake scems to change places and probably does.

I now seemed to be completely surrounded. The only place I could not see snakes was directly in front of me. I knew that my only chance was to risk a dash through this apparently open space. Preparing to say good-bye to this old world at almost any minute, I took my heart between my teeth and ran. I made it from that spot to the right of way in nothing flat. I got there just at the time the current was to be cut off at Bluefield. After fixing the insulator, I walked the remaining miles into Poplar, where I spent the night.

I went back to Grundy by road next morning. I have seen and killed a good many rattlesnakes and copperheads since then, but I'll never get the same terrorizing thrill that I received from my first rattler and his friends.

STUART HARRIS, '25.



Creed

We, the class of 1925 of Morrison High School, feel that at this time we should turn our thoughts toward those things in which we faithfully believe, those things that have been our guiding light during our stay here. There have been certain principles and ideals which have led us thru our high school days, and these are the ones that we shall embody in our creed.

First, and above all, we believe in God our heavenly Father whose invisible hand has strengthened us when we have been ready to fall, and who has helped us when all other aid had failed.

We believe in this United States of America as the greatest country on earth whose ideals have inspired others to struggle for the light. Anew we pledge our allegiance to this country as loyal and faithful citizens of the approaching years.

We believe in our own Virginia the "Cradle of the Republic." We feel that it is a special blessing to have been allowed the privilege of birth in this good old Commonwealth. We feel that time will increase our love for our Mother State.

We have a tender spot in our hearts for Warwick County and we believe that it has a glorious future rising out of a splendid past.

We believe in our beloved Morrison High School. For always shall the memories of the lessons learned and the days spent within her walls prove an inspiration to us.

We believe in Mr. Pride our Principal, for he has ever been faithful, and just. He has done more than his share to help make our life so far a splendid success.

We believe in each teacher that makes up our Faculty, and we feel that they have endeavored and succeeded in fitting us for whatever the future may bring.

We believe in Miss Bonnewell, our home room teacher and helpmate of our brief but happy stay at Morrison.

For the School Board we shall always have grateful memories, for it has been for our interest that they have always labored.

Next comes our class, which we believe the best ever. We have faith in every thing for which it stands. For each member of the class of '25 each of us has a brotherly feeling. As a group we have worked together carrying out our motto "Union is Strength."

We believe in the Warwick our Annual, feeling each edition will prove itself a true reflection of life at Morrison High.

Firmly we base our faith in M. H. S. athletics on the success of the present year; knowing that clean sportsmanship cannot fail to carry us onward. In our literary societies, and in all student activities we believe as interests which bind us more closely to School and its work.

Finally, we believe in the students of Morrison High who have known how to gain success in the past and cannot fail to do so in the future.

Class Will

As our life here draws near its close, we, the members of the Scnior Class of Morrison High School, 1925, being of a sane mind do hereby declare our last will and testament:

First: To Mr. Pride, we the departing Seniors, will our chewing gum which we left sticking under the desks.

Second: To Miss Carr we will the exclusive use of "dire" with the stern command that no one shall encroach upon her territory.

Third: To Miss Kline we bequeath our places in the cooking class.

Fourth: To Miss Thorpe we will a place in which to conduct her Virgil class.

Fifth: To Miss Ryce and her two o'clock class next year in room seven, we will the privilege the cometry class had of seeing '97' go by.

Gladys Rowe wills her dignified manner to Lenore Farnham.

Thelma White wills her dreamy eyes to Violet Redman

To Hayden Revere, Alta Yoder wills her studious ability.

'Lil Elliott Thomas wills his avoirdupois to Lynwood Mebanc.

Martha Peters wills her school spirit to Cleo Speigle.

To Virginia Clarke, Ruth Gibson wills her dimpled cheeks.

Eliza Hunter wills her intelligence to Robert Thomasson.

Frances Williamson wills her affection for Curtis Edwards to any girl lucky enough to get him,

To Norris Nettles, Jean Brebner wills her extra inches.

Marvin Horton wills his dancing ability to Richard Hostetter.

To Jimmy Hall, Horace Campbell wills his bashful ways.

Belding Underwood wills his partiality for red locks to Alma Phillips.

George Bergh wills his sheiky ways to Edward Langslow.

Marion Freeman wills her winsome manner to Ruby Horton.

To Elizabeth Wuska, Maude Burcher wills her vampish ways.

Roselyn Tabb wills her literary ability to Powers Seward.

George Davis wills his good disposition to George Thomasson.

To Agnes Hunter, Sarah Floyd wills her art of painting.

Stuart Harris wills his football ability and taking ways to Moody Snidow.

Helen Hobbs, the champion giggler, wills her giggles to her worthy opponent, Geneva Cooke.

Iris Robertson wills her affection for the skipper of the Ship of Zion to any one fortunate enough to win him.

Hermie Harper wills her affection for Miss Carr and her History class to any one willing to take her place.

Virginia Walker wills her surplus energy to Mildred Hertzler.

To Earleen Cosby, Mabel Handy wills her attractive manners.

Mary Holland wills her witty ways to Curtis Edwards.

In witness whereof, we the class of 1925 of Morrison High School, to the last will and testament do hereby set our hands and seals.

ZELLA MANEY, Class Executrix.







School Song

Tune: "America For Me."

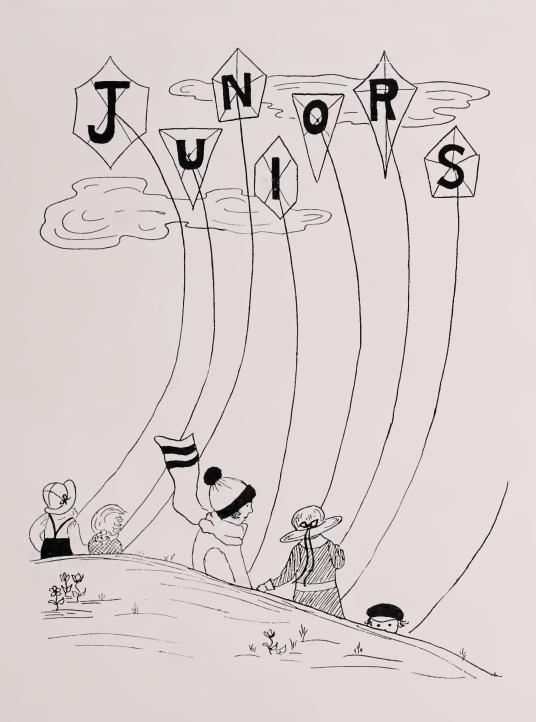
There is in dear old Warwick
A place we love to be,
Where the river James flows onward,
Ever onward to the sea,
In the little town of Morrison
Close to the river shore—
There stands our dear old High School,
And we'll love it evermore.

CHORUS

Oh, Morrison, our High School dear Our High School best sing we,—
In Warwick County there's the place We always love to be—
There with standards of the highest We'll work with all our might And in praise of maroon and gold Shall her students all unite.

Our Alma Mater dear,
Oh, hear us while we sing to you
We love to praise thy high ideals
Which we strive to meet each year,
Your influence and your memories dear
Will guide us day by day
Will help us o'er the pathways steep
And spur us on our way.

DOROTHY L. LANGSLOW.





Junior Class

Junior Class

Colors:

GREEN AND WHITE

Motto:

BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY CAN, THEY CAN

Flower: ROSE

Officers

HARVEY HALL	President
EDITH TYLER	Vice-President
IDA WALLACE	Secretary
ALMA PHILLIPS	Treasurer

Roll

Geneva Cooke
Wray Lee Curtis
Frank Davis
Jennings Davis
Curtis Edwards
Ruth Eby
Frances Fixary
Delia Green
Harvey Hall
Charlotte Haughton
I essie Hobbs
Eldon Hollis
Beatrice Horton
Sarah Hostetter
Bernard James
Edward James
Edward Langslow
Marvin Lozaw
Guy Mahanes
Maggie Mahanes

Lynwood Mebane Mary Murphy Opal Owens Doris Poindexter Elton Parker Victor Parker Alma Phillips J. W. Phillips Bruce Rollins Powers Seward Andrew Shannon Elsie Snyder Cleo Speigle Robert Thomasson Edith Tyler Ida Wallace Nellie Wilson Eleanor Wine Elizabeth Wuska Kenneth Yoder



Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

Colors:

PURPLE AND GOLD

Motto:

EXCELSIOR

Flower: VIOLET

Officers

SUSIE SMITH	President
FLOYD BADGETT	Vice-President
LENORE FARNHAM	Secretary
VIRGINIA TABB	Treasurer

Roll

Floyd Badgett
Kenneth Burcher
Henry Copeland
Milford Hertzler
Richard Hostetter
Costello Massey
Bremen Mills
Norris Nettles
George Smith
George Thomasson
Sidney Wallace
Douglas Burcher
Margaret Brown
Earleen Cosby
Lenore Farnham

Hazel Haughton Ada Hostetter Ruth Johnson Elsie King Beatrice Moore Violet Redman Elizabeth Rowe Edith Saunders Martha Shenk Susie Smith Virginia Tabb Jane Wilbern Mary Moore Mildred Kea Louise Auman



Freshman Class

freshman class

Colors: GREEN AND GOLD

Flower: JONQUIL

Motto:
VICTORIA PATIENTIAM CORONAT

Officers

RUSSELL MITCHELL	Presiden
EDITH UNDERWOOD	Vice-Presiden
THELMA TRAYLOR	Secretary
LUCILLE WILLLIAMSON	Treasure

Roll

menno brunk earl cheatham russell mitchell alton pennington newton poindexter hayden revere charles davis george mooney paul lester thomas waslay louise owens ruth lewis ethel carmines lucille white rodman radcliffe victor walker harry whiting alex wornom quincey wright mildred booth beatrice carter virginia clark

bertha griffiths patience haughton ruth haughton virginia hobbs ruby horton agnes hunter eva hunter marion kelley `virgie parker doris petty estelle speible lucille tabb dorothea tennis ethel thomasson thelma traylor edith underwood helen walters lucille williamson edith yoder simon curtis shirley reid moody snidow

Jingle of a High School Lad

Who! Rah! for Morrison, dear old high. Cast a look as you pass by, A grand old place all painted white To the eye a most delightful sight.

The rooms and halls meet our demands Even the grounds where the building stands, The huge oak trees that cast their shade, The coolest place that e'er was made.

There are laboratories and kitchens too (You learn about things you never knew,) An assembly hall with a regular stage They put on shows that are all the rage.

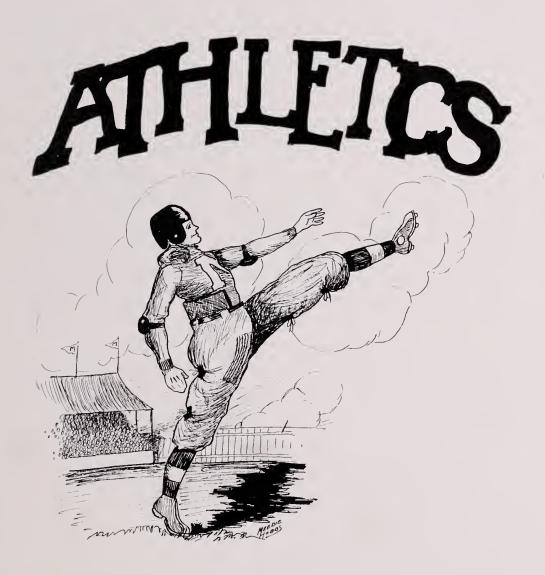
We have very fine teachers at Morrison High, To believe it you don't even have to try, The best is Miss Carr, though so very meek, Next comes Mr. Crigler—good, so to speak.

Miss Bonnewell, Richardson, and Thorpe are fine, But listen to these—Miss Ryce and Miss Kline. There are teachers low, there are teachers tall, Some are stout and some are small.

As to their age, I haven't the space, You judge by their dresses and not their face And the Principal, it's not denied Is made of ability and namely Pride.

Hard may be our tasks, but our smiles we'll bring As praise to our dear old high we sing, Here's to old Morrison, thrice ever blest For her students all know of all schools she's the best.

-JOSEPH NEWTON POINDEXTER '28





Athletic Board of Control

R. H. PRIDE	Faculty Advisor
J. D. CRIGLER	
MISS EVELYN RYCE	Faculty Representative
STUART HARRIS	Captain Football
GEORGE BERGH	Captain Basketball
GEORGE DAVIS	Captain Baseball
MISS DOROTHY LANGSLOW	Treasurer
FRANCES WILLIAMSON	Secretary



Football Team

Football

Those interested in athletic progress at Morrison High School in its second season of football were rather puzzled as to how high they should base hopes; for the team had to be picked for the most part from raw material and had as their task the making of a name for the Maroon and Old Gold in School Athletics. Preparations began September 16th, when twenty-five candidates responded to the call. New suits and other football paraphernalia were on hand, so in fine array those who hoped to make the team started in to do their best work.

Mr. J. D. Crigler, a former William & Mary star, took up the duties of Coach and Athletic Director of M. H. S., and it is a large measure due to his endeavors that all phases of athletics, as well as football, have been very successful at Morrison this year.

With Stuart Harris as Captain, and Belding Underwood as Manager, football practice started off with a bang. By October 15th, Coach Crigler had rounded his squad into fine shape and condition, ready to carry out the schedule which was then completed.

The eleven started off by winning four straight victories, giving Gloucester High an overwhelming defeat of 49 to 0. The next two games Morrison lost to Cape Charles High School with scores of 20 to 7 and 7 to 6 respectively. Nothing daunted, the team administered two crushing defeats to the Fort Eustis Juniors in two exciting games ending up with scores of 9 to 6 and 25 to 0 in favor of Morrison. Morrison lost her last game, which was the one with Newport News High, but felt that her victories had so far overshadowed her defeats that the football season had been a great success.

The football team this year has really put Morrison on the map in athletics, and promises to do more in the years to come. Backed and encouraged by the students, Morrison hopes to have one of the best teams in the State for its size, and to show that it is quality and not always quantity that really counts.

The line-up for this year is as follows:

Brown				R.	E.
Horton				R.	Т.
Rollins				R.	G.
Underwood					C.
Jacobs				L.	G.
Harris	L.	Τ.	and	Н.	В.
Bergh				L,	E.
Hall				Q.	В.
Snidow				L.	Н.
Edwards	R.	Η.	and	L.	Т.
Mooney					В.

Yells and Songs

Baby's in the high chair, Who put him up there? Ma, Pa, Sis, Boom, Bah! Morrison High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

With a vevo
With a vivo
With a vevo vivo vum
It's just as plain as plain can be
We've got old Smithfield up a tree
With a vevo
With a vivo
With a vevo vivo vum.

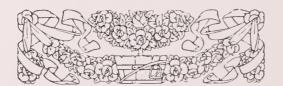
Morrison's Goin to Win Her Way (Tune: Mary had a little lamb).

Morrison's going to win her way Win her way, win her way Morrison's going to win her way To glory and to fame.

With her team we'll win this game. Win this game, win this game, With her team we'll win this game. Win this game today.



Boys Basket Ball Team



Boys Basketball

Hardly had the glare of a successful football season died away when the Morrison lads began practicing basketball. George Bergh was elected captain of the team, and George Davis manager.

Basketball practice was carried on under very trying conditions as the team had to go to Newport News every other day in order to have the floor at St. Vincent's Gym. Even then, the team determined to carry on to glory the Morrison colors, and succeeded in holding their own very well indeed.

Morrison's first game was at Charles City; and though our team lost, they made up for it when the Charles City boys came here. The team then defeated those of Poquoson, Toano, C. & O., and Eustis, losing to Newport News, Eustis, C. & O. and the Originals. One of the fastest on the Morrison team was James, a late comer to the school. For the scason Edwards bore the brunt of scoring, while Horton was the star defensive man.

All in all, Morrison had a team which everyone should be proud of, and which should entitle one to look forward to a splendid season next year.

Those on the team were: Marvin Horton, George Bergh, George Mooney, Belding Underwood and Curtis Edwards.

Substitutes: Lefty James, Charles Davis, Richard Hostetter, Andrew Shannon and Kenneth Yoder.





Girls Basket Ball Team



Girls Basketball

The basketball season of 1925 was a very brilliant one for the Morrison Girls; for the team proved itself just as good as any on the peninsula.

The girls started practice December, 1924 with Mr. Crigler as their coach and director. Twelve girls came out and twelve stuck through with the team the entire season, the second team doing a large share in preparing the first team for its battles for victory. As Captain Frances Williamson piloted her team in a splendid way, while Mary Murphy proved quite an able manager.

In contests with eleven different teams, the Morrison girls won twelve games, losing only three—a record of which any high school could well be proud. The teams Morrison played were those of Fort Eustis, Toano, Poquoson, Newport News High School, Kempsville, Oceana, Gloucester, Charles City, Phoebus, Ashland and Fort Monroe.

The line-up of the first team is as follows:

Beatrice Horton	R. F.
Maggie Mahanes	L. F.
Mary Murphy	С.
Alma Phillips	S. C.
Frances Williamson	R. G.
Marion Freeman	L. F.

Those on the second team were: Ruby Horton, Lenore Farnham, Ida Wallace, Earleen Cosby, Violet Redman and Mabel Handy.



Base Ball Team





Poindexter Literary Society

HARVEY HALI	[] -	-		-	-	-	President
MARY HOLLAN	ND -	-	-	-	-	Vice	-President
GEORGE BERG							Secretary
HERMIE HARI							Secretary
ALMA PHILLII							Treasurer
MISS THORPE							- Critic
MISS RICHARI	080N	-	-	-]	Prograi	m Advisor
STUART HARR							- Gensor
IDA WALLACE							
BELDING UND	ERWC	OD.	-	-	S	ergean	it-at-Arms
CURTIS EDWA	RDS	-	-	-	-	-	- Page

Louise Auman
Floyd Badgett
George Bergh
Jean Brebner
Kenneth Burcher
Betty Mae Burton
Mildred Booth
Maude Burcher
Virginia Clarke
Randolph Cheatham
Earleen Cosby
Henry Copeland
Wray Lee Curtis
George Davis
Esther Eby
Curtis Edwards
Lenore Farnham

Frances Fixary
Sarah Floyd
Ruth Gibson
Bertha Griffith
Stuart Harris
Hermie Harper
Virginia Hobbs
Ruth Haughton
Agnes Hunter
Mabel Handy
Mary Holland
Richard Hostetter
Beatrice Horton
Fannie Johnson
Bernard James
Marian Kelley
Mildred Kea

Frank Lozaw Ruth Lewis Guy Mahanes Mary Murphy Alma Phillips J. W. Phillips Elton Parker Virgie Parker Doris Petty Doris Poindexter Violet Redman Elizabeth Rowe Hayden Revere Estelle Speigle Edith Saunders George L. Smith Cleo Speigle Susie Smith
Virginia Tabb
Roselyn Tabb
Thelma Traylor
Dorothea Tennis
Edith Underwood
Belding Underwood
Quincy Wright
Ida Wallace
Elizabeth Wuska
Nellie Wilson
Helen Walters
Jane Wilbern
Alex Wornom
Edith Yoder
Kenneth Yoder



Wilson Literary Society

MARVIN HORTON	-	-	-	-		President
HELEN HOBBS -	-	_	-	1	lice-	President
ELIZA HUNTER -	-	-	-	-		Secretary
VIRGINIA WALKER	-	-	-	-	7	reasurer
MISS BONNEWELL	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
MISS RYCE	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
RUSSELL MITCHELL	-	-	-	-	-	Censor
MAGGIE MAHANES	-	-	-	_	_	Chaplain
ELLIOTT THOMAS	-	-	-	Serg	eant	-at-Ârms
SIMON CURTIS -	-					Page
	Ra)[[

Menno Brunk
Margaret Brown
Douglas Burcher
Ethel Carmines
Beatrice Carter
Horace Campbell
Earl Cheatham
Geneva Cooke
Simon Curtis
Frank Davis
Jennings Davis
Charles Davis
Marion Freeman
Hazel Haughton
Patience Haughton

Marvin Horton Ruby Horton Ada Hostetter Helen Hobbs Lessie Hobbs Eliza Hunter Eva Hunter Milford Hertzler Elsie King Edward Langslow Paul Lester Zella Maney Costello Massey Maggie Mahanes Linwood Mebane

George Mooney Russell Mitchell Norris Nettles Louise Owens Alton Pennington Martha Peters Newton Poindexter Shirley Reed Gladys Rowe Rodman Radcliffe Iris Robertson Bruce Rollins Powers Seward Andrew Shannon Moody Snidow Edith Tyler
Elliott Thomas
Robert Thomasson
George Thomasson
Cora Wallace
Sidney Wallace
Sidney Wallace
Thomas Waslay
Victor Walker
Virginia Walker
Thelma White
Harry Whiting
Frances Williamson
Lucille Williamson
Lucille White
Eleanor Wine
Alta Yoder



Modern Language Club

Officers

IRIS ROBERTSON			President
FRANCES WILLIAMSON		Vie	e-President
			-Treasurer
MARTHA PETERS	ه	ecretary	-Treasurer

Roll

Douglas Burcher Floyd Badgett Ethel Carmines Geneva Cooke Virginia Clark Simon Curtis Henry Copeland Jennings Davis Ruth Eby Marian Freeman Charlotte Haughton Ruth Haughton Hazel Haughton Patience Haughton Ruby Horton Mary Holland Agnes Hunter Harvey Hall Hermie Harper Ruth Lewis Mary Murphy
Costello Massey
Louise Owens
Opal Owens
Gladys Rowe
Powers Seward
Elsie Snyder
Thelma Taylor
Dorothea Tennis
Belding Underwood
Lucille White
Victor Walker
Sidney Wallace
Virginia Walker
I ucille Williamson
Eleanor Wine
Helen Walters
Jane Wilburn
Kenneth Yoder

Latin Club

MOTTO: Vita sine litteris mors est.

Officers

ELIZA HUNTER - - - - - President
IDA WALLACE - - - - Vice-President
ELIZABETH ROWE - - - - Treasurer
RUSSELL MITCHELL - - - Secretary
MISS THORPE - - - - Faculty Advisor

Roll

Zella Maney Roselyn Tabb Alta Yoder Horace Campbelle Maggie Mahanes Ida Wallace Sarah Hostetter Louise Auman Margaret Brown Earleen Cosby Lenore Farnham Ada Hostetter Eliza Hunter Mildred Kea Elsie King Breman Mills Beatrice Moore Alma Phillips Viola Redman Elizabeth Rowe Martha Shenk Susie Smith Virginia Tabb Nellie Wilson Elizabeth Wuska

Frank Davis Delia Green Mary Moore Menno Brunk Mildred Boothe Bertha Griffeths Eva Hunter Virginia Hobbs Fannie Johnston Marian Kelly Robert Thomanson Russell Mitchell Alton Pennington Doris Petty Newton Poindexter Rodman Radcliff Hayden Revere Edith Saunders Lucille Tabb Ethel Thomasson Edith Underwood Harry Whiting Quincey Wright Alex Wornom Edith Yoder

J. W. Phillips



Latin Club



Sweethearts In The Songs





Home Economics Club

MOTTO: "To make the whole world more homelike".

Officers

HELEN HOBBS -		-	-	-	-	President
MARTHA PETERS	-	-	-	-	Vi	ce-President
VIRGINIA WALKER		-	-	-	-	Secretary
ZELLA MANEY -		_	-	-	_	Treasurer

Roll

Jean Brebner
Maude Burcher
Geneva Cooke
Sarah Floyd
Marian Freeman
Mable Handy
Helen Hobbs
Beatrice Horton
Ruby Horton
Agnes Hunter
Eva Hunter
Charlotte Haughton

Marian Kelly Zella Maney Doris Petty Alma Phillips Beatrice Moore Martha Peters Doris Poindexter Gladys Rowe Iris Robertson Elsie Snyder Cleo Speigle Thelma Traylor Edith Tyler
Roselyn Tabb
Ethel Thomasson
Frances Williamson
Virginia Walker
Elizabeth Wuska
Alta Yoder
Hazel Haughton
Earleen Cosby
Beatrice Carter
Jane Wilburn
Susie Smith



Glee Club

Officers

VIRGINIA WALKER - - - - President
MAY HOLLAND - - - - Vice-President
IDA WALLACE - - - Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

Hermie Harper
Mabel Handy
Jean Brebner
Frances Williamson
Leonore Farnham
Ruth Gibson
Eliza Hunter
Maggie Mahanes
Ruth Lewis
Earleen Cosby
Eva Hunter
Miss Bonnewell
Doris Petty
Cora Wallace
Susie Smith
Maud Burcher

Sarah Floyd Elsie Snydor Gladys Rowe Geneva Cooke Beatrice Horton Doris Poindexter Mildred Kea Agnes Hunter Edith Tyler Violet Redman Marian Freeman Virginia Clark Ruby Horton Louise Owens Cleo Speigle



Girl Reserves

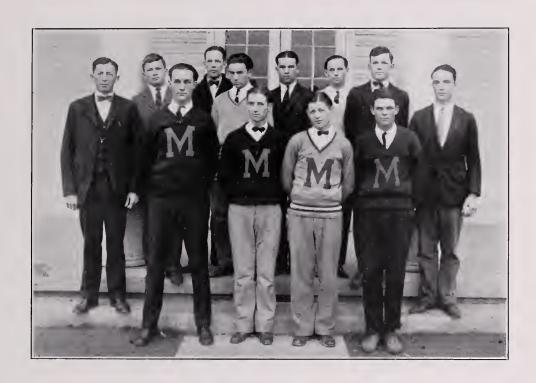
Officers

MARTHA PETERS IDA WALLACE		-	-	-	- Vio	President
JEAN BREBNER	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary Treasurer
MARY HOLLAND	-	(hairr	nan S	ervice	Committee
ELIZA HUNTER SARAH FLOYD	_	-	Chai	rman	Social	
MISS BONNEWEL	L	-	-	-	Facul	Committee ty Advisor
MISS TRUITT - MISS LANGSLOW	-	-	-	-	Facu	
MISS RICHARDSO	N	-	-	-	Facul	lty Advisor

Roll

Jean Brebner Geneva Cooke Sarah Floyd Ruth Gibson Beatrice Horton Hermie Harper Agnes Hunter Mable Handy Mary Holland Eliza Hunter Marian Kelly Ruth Lewis Maggie Mahanes Beatrice Moore Martha Peters Doris Petty Violet Redman Edith Saunders Edith Underwood
Elizabeth Wuska
Frances Williamson
Thelma White
Virginia Walker
Eleanor Wine
Ida Wallace
Susie Smith
Lenore Farnham

Mary Murphy Alma Phillips Marian Freeman Eva Hunter Ruby Horton Earleen Cosby Elizabeth Rowe Thelma Taylor Mildred Kca



Monogram Club

MARVIN HORTON	-	-	-	-	-	President
BELDING UNDERWO	OD	-	-	-	Vice	-President
CURTIS EDWARDS	-	-	-	-		Secretary
GEORGE DAVIS -			_	_	_	Treasurer

Stuart Harris
George Bergh
Marvin Horton
Belding Underwood
Curtis Edwards
George Davis
Powers Seward
Charles Davis
George Mooney
Moody Snidow



Bible Club

MR. W. W. POWELL, Instructor

Officers

IDA WALLACE	-	-	-	-	President
BELDING UNDERWOOD	-	-	-	Vic	e-President
RUTH GIBSON	-		-	~	Secretary
FRANCES WILLIAMSON		-	~	-	Treasurer

Roll

Jean Brebner
Maud Burcher
Kenneth Burcher
Earl Cheatham
Randolph Cheatham
Wray Lee Curtis
Sidney Curtis
George T. Davis
Ruth Eby
Curtis Edwards
Margaret Fixary

Frances Fixary
Bertha Griffith
Ruth Gibson
Milford Hertzler
Sarah Hostetter
Bernard James
Edward Langslow
Merwin Lozaw
Russell Mitchell
Norris Nettles
Victor Parker

Bruce Rollins
Powers Seward
Estelle Speigle
George Smith
Roselyn Tabb
Belding Underwood
Ida Wallace
Frances Williamson
Thelma White
George L. Smith



Hi-Y Club

Officers

GEORGE DAVIS -	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
BELDING UNDERWO	OOD		-	-	-	Vic	e-President
GEORGE L. SMITH	-	-	-	-	_	-	Secretary
COSTELLO MASSEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

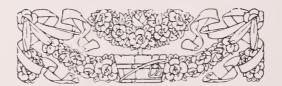
Roll

George Davis
Mr. Crigler
Belding Underwood
Edward Langslow
Horace Campbell
Elliott Thomas

Powers Seward Costello Massey Marvin Horton Alton Pennington George L. Smith



Dramatic Club



Staff at Work

The door is closed, the keyhole stuffed, Yet as we listen in,
We know before we've never heard
Such racket, such a din.
Someone is yelling orders,
Someone drops a pile of books;
Typewriters bang till pictures
Fall a-crashing from their hooks.
The door's flung wide. Surprised
We start back with a jerk.
Good heavens! It is nothing
But the Warwick Staff at work.

We notice Jimmie flings his pen
Until in half a wink,
He makes himself from head to toe
A liquid blot of ink.
George Bergh yells, "Boy, you're such a fool,
For crap's sake, don't you know
It's not time yet to black yourself
Up for our minstrel show!"
We have a sense of humor,
So it gives us satisfaction
To stand around and see the show—
The Warwick Staff in action.

Hermie giggles loudly
Paul grins from ear to ear,
Belding shouts, "Be quiet!
I have a thought I fear."
George Davis says athletic dope
Is worse than playing ball.
Zella answers he is lucky
To have written it at all.
We catch our breath. Why really,
It's enough to make us laugh—
This hot-air brain work energy
Put out by our Warwick Staff.

Eliza sputtering round a b.t,
Then yells an awful yell,
"Hark! Stop! Look! Listen! Everyone—
I'm learning how to spell!"
Agnes smiles sarcastically
With sisterly devotion,
Susie groans, "Lord, dump all adds
In the Atlantic Ocean."
"On to the Press! We hear them cry.
Hey, you! Den't try to shirk!
Don't mar our reputation,
We're the Warwick Staff at work.

EVELYN M. RYCE.

I Wonder

When the case of Belding and Virginia will be settled.

When Miss Carr will start using rouge.

When Stuart Harris will get to school on time.

When Simon Curtis will be as tall as Marvin Horton.

When George Davis will give up riding horseback.

When Morrison High will be a large brick building.

When Norris Nettles will stop liking beans.

When Maud Burcher will stop flirting.

When Hermie Harper will stop giggling.

When Eliza Hunter will stop "scorning the mechanics."

When Jimmy Hall will forget the "Smithfield Hams."

When "Peanut" Seward will start pushing a peanut wagon.

When Charley Jacobs is coming back to school.

When Mr. Pride will say in assembly, "talk all you want, the chewing gum is being distributed."

When a collection will be taken to buy Stacomb for Moody Snidow.

When Elliott Thomas will start reducing.

When the school trucks will ride like Cadilacs.

When the Hilton pupils will catch the first truck for school.

When girls will abandon their compacts and defend the shiny nose.

When George Thomasson will finally get the solution to his cross-word puzzle.

When Constance Adams will stop giving out late slips.

When Hayden Revere will give up his acrobatic stunts.

When we'll discover Mr. Crigler's attraction to the Senior "Home Room."

When Miss Kline will tell the second kitchen to wash the dirty dishes instead of having the first one do it.

When Miss Richardson will approve of tilting chairs in the library.

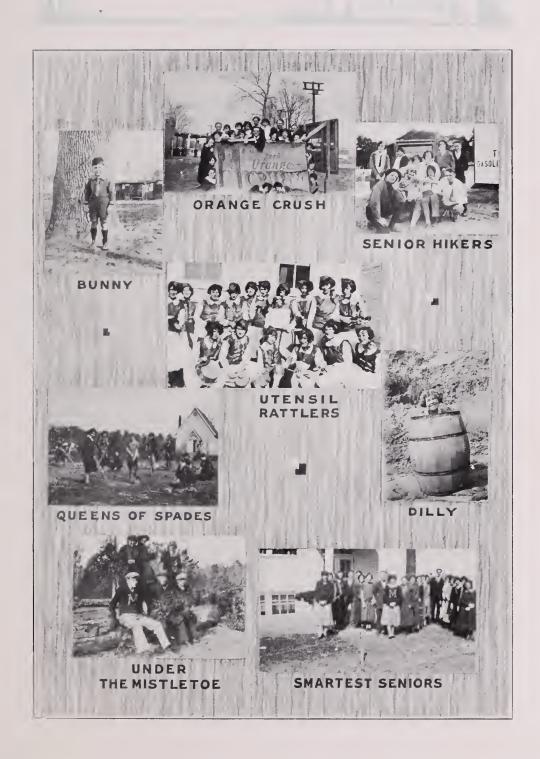
When Curtis Edwards will stop combing his hair.

When George Mooney will stop being a fascinator.

When Miss Bonnewell will stop loosing her "specs."

When all students in the school will know their lessons.

When I'll stop writing such foolishness.



Student's Diary

Dear Diary:

For the past week I have been wandering around school, visiting the various classes, taking note of all the foolish as well as serious occurences which struck me as being worthy of permanent record.

First thing this morning I took a running start for the truck, and piled in there among the rest of our Morrison girls. We sang and yelled en route to Morrison, then whooped like Indians until we were hoarse.

Home room period proved one round of trouble and worry right after another. Of course some old post had to ask for dues. I never have heard so many demands for cash. Then the call to arms came. Everyone was requested to shoulder his books and pencil and march bravely forth to class.

Classes and homework now stared everyone in the face, but of course all were prepared. They always are.

I was surprised to hear the excitement and confusion that was present in Physics Class this morning. Stuart Harris came in only ten minutes late and Connie nearly had hysterics when he was sent to her for a late slip. She has actually had to make requisition to the School Board for a new file to keep Stuart's late slips in.

Knowing that Miss Thorpe is in love with her Latin II class the dear, sweet things, I dropped in to see how things were coming on. I never knew a group of students could be so quiet, but after all Latin is supposed to be a dead subject. Perhaps a certain person in that class is deader than Latin.

Well, one thing made me wonder. Spanish is so interesting and so very romantic that I cannot realize why more people don't have a date at 3:15 with "Miss Nellie", since the subject and the teacher are so pleasant.

Now, listen Diary, if you want fun you should visit that Math. Class at 10 o'clock. Mr. Crigler is so fascinating and the subject ie (a-b) is so vital, that the class drinks in algebra like it were the most intensely interesting thing on earth.

As I went in the library I noticed a large piece chipped out of the top of the doorway. Lo and behold, I found out that Marvin Horton's chin caught in there one day and nearly wrecked the school. Anyway, I found that there were some very bright and brilliant pupils who worked at Espanola with Miss Richardson in the library. This room is a veritable haven. Everything is so quiet and peaceful.

To-day I noticed that Stuart and Belding cut Spanish. I inquired what was the trouble, and finally wormed out the secret that Stuart wants to be a veterinary doctor and was practicing on Belding as a good specimen. One thing I know, Sloan's Liniment can't hold a candle to the kind those boys use.

English IV went off nicely with our Miss Ryce. The whole class was very attentive, especially one couple in the rear. I heard some of the boys expressing their opinion of "Hamlet," but I dare not reprint it here.

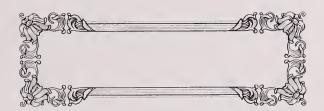
Someone actually was bold enough to take out a compact in Miss Carr's room today. Why it would have been just as well to have dropped a lighted bomb and expect no explosion. We had an exciting argument about History just the same, as well as a nice little written lesson.

Assembly to-day was a fine affair. You could have heard a pin drop, and talk about singing! The Glee Club has mocking birds beat a mile, that's all there is to it. Mr. Pride made a speech, and it was some oration, I can tell you that.

Alas and alack, the day ended in disaster. Constance slipped down between the typewriter and the bell, and detained the school one minute over time! She certainly ought to ring the bell one minute later to-morrow morning to make up for it.

Now, Diary, I could write down all manner and kinds of queer happenings if I had the time and space to do it; but the best thing I can tell you is just to come up to Morrison and meet our fair student body and see for yourself the little ins and outs of our daily existence. Farewell, I'll write more later.

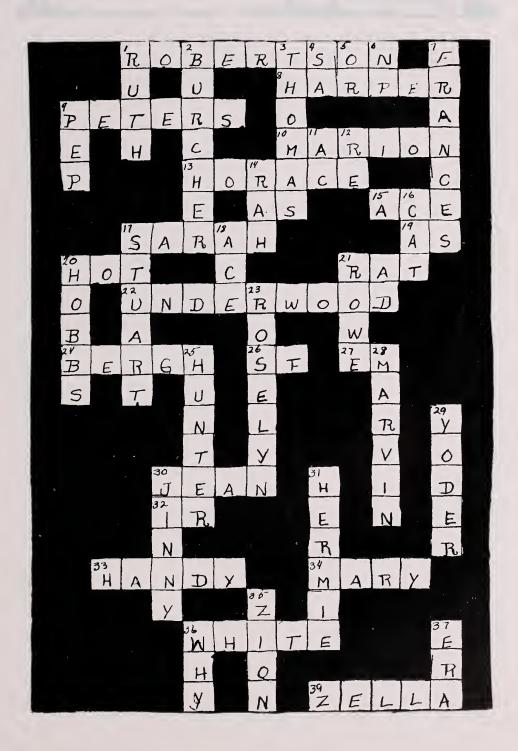
ELIZA HUNTER, '25.



Hall of Fame

Prettiest Girl =	Ida Wallace
Handsome Boy	
Dependable Girl	
Dependable Boy	
Typical Freshman	
Typical Sophomore	
Typical Junior	
Typical Senior	
Best All Around Girl	
Best All Around Boy	
Wittiest Boy	
Wittiest Girl	
Most Talkative Boy	•
Most Talkative Girl	
Biggest Bluffer Boy	
Biggest Bluffer Girl	
Most School Spirit	
Most Independent Boy	
Most Independent Girl	
Most Popular Boy	Moody Snidow
Most Popular Girl	
Most Studious Boy	. Floyd Badgett
Most Studious Girl	. Ida Wallace
Most Stylish Girl	Sarah Floyd
Cutest Boy	Simon Curtis
Cutest Girl	Marion Freeman
Most Attractive Boy	Curtis Edwards
Most Attractive Girl	Jean Brebner
Most Athletic Boy	George Mooney
Most Athletic Girl	Mary Murphy
Best Sport Boy	Marvin Horton
Best Sport Girl	Alma Phillips





Senior Favorites

(BOOKS)

George Bergh	"Birds Every Child Should Know"	
Jean Brebner	"The Pilgrims Progress"	
Maud Burcher	"Queen of Sheba"	
Horace Campbell	"Our Mutual Friend"	
George Davis	"John Halifax, Gentleman"	
Sarah Floyd	"Flaming Youth"	
Marion Freeman	""Money, Money, Money"	
Ruth Gibson	"Pollyanna"	
Mabel Handy	"The French Lady"	
Mary Holland	"Life of Lee"	
Hermie Harper	"Twice Told Tales"	
Stuart Harris	"The Sheik"	
Helen Hobbs	"Helen's Babies"	
Marvin Horton	"The Gentle Grafter"	
Eliza Hunter	"Les Miserables"	
Zella Maney	"Comedy of Errors"	
Martha Peters	. "Sense and Sensability"	
Elliett Thomas	"Under the Country Sky"	
Belding Underwood	"The History of Virginia"	
Virginia Walker	"To Have and to Hold"	
Thelma White	"The Land of the Midnight Sun"	
Frances Williamson	"Heart's Highway"	
Gladys Rowe	"Little Women"	
Alta Yoder	"The Sense of Chemistry"	
Iris Robertson	"Vanity Fair"	
Roselyn Tabb	"Kidnapped"	

Pet Utterances

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"Gwan I hear you".
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[&]quot;Don't let that get out".

[&]quot;Are you a good citizen?"

[&]quot;It's true".

[&]quot;Cosmetics? They all look better without it".

[&]quot;Where's your late slip?"

[&]quot;I hope a hog may hug me".

[&]quot;She's a perfect whang".

[&]quot;That's a wow!"

[&]quot;Lo skipper, how's the ship of Zion?"

[&]quot;You crumb".

[&]quot;Sho".

[&]quot;Goodness alive,"

[&]quot;Come to see me at 3:15"

[&]quot;Hermie put your gum in the basket."

[&]quot;Oh, gosh!"

[&]quot;See Miss Truitt at 3:15."

[&]quot;You Seniors are worse than beginners".

[&]quot;Bring your class dues to-morrow".

[&]quot;Have you paid for your Warwick?"

[&]quot;The very thing".

[&]quot;Worse than that".

[&]quot;Perfectly marvelous".

[&]quot;For crying out loud."

[&]quot;Great skeeter".

[&]quot;Talk sense".

[&]quot;Golly Ann".

[&]quot;My goodness Miss Agnes".

[&]quot;That sounds too bookish".

[&]quot;For pitys' sake".

[&]quot;For the love of mike."

[&]quot;Good gosh".

[&]quot;Will you please be seated?"

[&]quot;Quit eating life savers".

Sillyettes

As a long boy He's quite a Bean. He gets Nettled quite often As we have seen.

About Zion's Ship He likes to blow, But he is an-ice-berg As you know.

At two hundred-fifty she tips the scale, Yet we would not call her a baby whale, She's stern and strict in her command A suspension blank's always in her hand.

To vanities she takes dislike
For when you powder your nose,
She opens her mouth in stern command,
"That compact kindly close!"
Of flowers that her pupils bring
She takes the greatest care,
And thinks it quite a grave offense
To pluck one for your hair.

He's fair and square
"Ecclesiastical" too
His favorite color
We've learned is blue.
But a red striped tie
We've seen him wear,
Quite a contrast, we'll say
With his coal black hair.
Now if he was as wide
As he is tall,
He'd have to sleep in the kitchen
With his feet in the hall.

Her hair is red And her eyes are blue. The boy she likes best Is B. B. U.

A Dilly, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar You're bubbling o'er with fun "Have you finished your work?" She'll say with a smirk, 'H'eck, no. I've just begun".

Some say he's conceited about his looks,
Some say that by heart he knows his books.
He's quite worldly wise. Why do you suppose
So often to Williamsburg, he goes?
He's tall and broad,
Quite a sheik they say,
Dodging around
In his Chevrolet.

She plays basketball with vim and pep, She makes the opposing center step. At speaking frankly she's very good We've heard that Spuds form her favorite food.

She talks a blue streak, shoots an awful line About Morrison School that laud's em fine. When it comes to donations or Warwick stuff She brings home the bacon and that's no bluff. They tell her to teach, be a lawyer or doc, She says this advice is a terrible shock. If a girl is a slacker, she'll hunt'er down, They stand in awe of her withering frown.

In assembly her music we always hear Around school we see her smile of cheer She's not very large—of diminutive size But we know that small packages are the best prizes.

They gave her the nickname of "Laughing Gas" In the two o'clock geometry class. She's glad to say that she hails from Deep Creek Don't cross her! Her mind very frankly she'll speak.

She has war paint on And a charming smile, She's slim and trim In the newest style. She studies little—Seems to know her stuff—We wonder when someone Will call her bluff.

To ride in a Ford Coupe Is her joy, She masters French Like it was a toy.

He weighs 210 I've heard 'em say, Mystery's how he keeps Out of his own way.

She thinks chewing gum Is a great delight, But if you mention it to her She is ready to fight.

He's an athlete and an actor too.

To Smithfield hams he'il e're be true.

He's not at all shy, likes to argue and tease

We see his bright smile when he wants to please.

At typeing she is quite the thing Often joys and wees to her we bring. She's a good old scout, but take this tip— She distributes the documents called LATE SLIP.

Though this old skate is always late Nevertheless we must confess, He is a good sport of M. H. S.







SOCIETY

September

Students rush eagerly to school, inquiring on their way when school would close in June. Grand reunion of those who had not seen each other since Commencement time.

Football season opens. Much excitement over first game leads to mad cheering as the team gains a victory.

October

Senior Hike—Seniors perform wondrous stunts at Yorktown, Miss Bonnewell falling from a horse, Elliott Thomas getting lost (both causing much anxiety) and everyone from Hilton mistaking the ferry whistle for the street car.

Patrons' League Supper—Supper at Morrison High School for the benefit of the League proved successful in every way.

Gloucester Game—With colors flying and with the snappiest of yells and songs, a great body of Morrison students go to Gloucester to see our team run up the largest score of the season. Everyone is so elated that the crowd gathers again at night to end their celebration with a party at Eliza Hunter's home.

Junior Dance—Juniors give first dance of season at Hilton Auditorium. Everyone comes masked and in costume, full of the spirit of Hallowe'en. The music is good, and the dancers pronounce it a most peppy affair.

Senior Class Party—Hallowe'en night the Seniors scare away the witches at a party at Eliza Hunter's. With games and dancing the evening quickly goes away. It is reported that some have lost their hearts, but it will not do to tell their names.

November

Cape Charles Game—Cape Charles plays Morrison High School at Hilton. Home Economic Girls serve Cape Charles boys a very fine dinner.

A. A. Dance—Athletic Association gives dance in honor of Cape Charles boys, Visitors declare they have had such a good time that they will come over to see us again very soon.

Junior Party-Juniors have merry time at Scout Headquarters. Novel prizes awarded winners of fun-provoking contests.

December

Christmas Bazaar—Home Economics Club gives big Christmas Bazaar for benefit of the Warwiek. Attractive booths and an exceptionally pretty Japanese Tea Room lure Christmas buyers into co-operation with Santa Clause. A play, "The Dolls Take a Hand", given by the grammar grades provides amusement for a large audience.

Junior Dance—Juniors give benefit dance for annual. Floor proves too slippery for one couple.

Mock Wedding—Entire bridal party a perfect scream to say nothing of the bride and groom, Doris Petty and Marvin Horton. Parson Jimmie Hall forgets his dignity.

Play—"The Bentons' Christmas", written by Eva Hunter of the Freshman English Class given in literary society. All-Star Freshman cast shows what Rats ean do.

Tag Day—Juniors decorate everyone within reach, squeezing the last cent from every unsuspecting student and turning the amount realized to the Warwick Fund.

January

Newport Game—Girls Basket-Ball Team trims Newport News High School for the second time in closely contested game.

Utensil Rattlers—Unique minstrel of Home Economies Club entertains students in assembly. Proves one of snappiest shows ever given at school.

Football Banquet—Football boys entertained by Home Economies Club. Members of the team blossom forth in the oratorial world.

February

Senior Danee—Benefit dance given by Senior Class draws a large crowd from far and near. Professor Tutt from the funny sheet arrives.

Sweethearts in the Songs—Picturesque entertainment under auspices of the Glee Club wins admiration of entire student body and faculty.

Valentine Party—Charles Davis entertains Senior Class and basketball teams at his home in Hilton. Valentine idea carried out in decorations, games, and refreshments makes party one of the pretties of the year.

Ashland Game—Morrison teams venture away from home, and are delightfully entertained in Ashland. Girls win, boys lose; but all deelare the trip one of the best they have ever taken.

March

Chorus—"Down on the Farm Chorus" proves what farmers and farmerettes can do when they try. Proceeds of this amusing little performance go to Athletic Association.

Staff Play—"April Fools", farce in one act, keeps audience in uproar from peginning to end.

St. Patrick's Day Tea—Senior Class Tea shows Irish patriotism is really worth something.

Billy Sunday Night—Students go in a body to hear Billy Sunday enthusiastic in their praise of the Evangelist.

Banquet—Home Economics Club entertains girls' basketball squad at a delightful supper.

Special Assembly—Mr. Bob Mathews and Miss Kinney of Billy Sunday's staff visit school and talk to students.

April

First of April—Proves all fools are not dead yet. Nine boys take leave of absence from school.

Hike—Juniors have hike and weenic roast. Class demonstrates great athletic ability.

Game—Williamsburg plays baseball game with Morrison. Diamond sport proves popular with students.

Smithfield Game—Great number of students go on boat trip to Smithfield. Eat peanuts and give stirring yells for Smithfield Hams. Those who are seasick are thrown overboard.

Senior Hike—Second hike to Yorktown is even more fun than first. Huge appetites surprise those who serve lunch. Several boys show unexpected fondness for auto repairing.

May

Faculty Play—Large crowd comes out to find how faculty behaves in "The School of Yesteryear." Parents instruct their Children that the play is not presented as an example of model behavior in school. Doctors called to cure cases of too violent laughing.

School Play—"Aaron Boggs, Freshman", a three-act comedy is hit of the season. "Warwick" receives proceeds of the play.

Seniors Entertained—Junior Class entertains Senior. Both classes prove themselves good sports, and have the time of their lives.

Exhibit—Home Economics Club has a demonstration of work done during year. Fashion show causes sensation. All branches of work of Home Economics Department speaks for themselves and draw praise from even the most skeptical. Coffers of "Warwick" replenished.

June

Senior Banquet—Formal banquet is delightful affair. Decorations in sweet peas, the class flower, are very attractive. Some students wax eloquent.

Literary Night—Exciting contests for medals wins storm of applause from audience. Winners are congratulated until their right hand suffers temporary paralysis.

Class Night—Once again the old gang gets together to have a little fun. Those attending are so well entertained that they forgot their troubles and had a grand time.

Baccalaurate Sermon—In cap and gown the class marches so solemnly to church to hear a fine sermon.

Commencement—Both sad and glad the class at last receives their diplomas. Program is very fine indeed. Class pledges loyalty to Alma Mater in years to come.





She-"Did I ever show you where my thigh was skinned?' He—"N-N-No."

She-"Well let's walk over there."

Marvin H .- "Say 'Beans' if you were to loose an eye you'd look like a needle." Norris N.—"Yes and one good drink of grape juice and you'd pass for a thermometer."

Powers—"My girl calls me maple syrup." Curtis-"Yes, she knows you're her sap."

Charlie J.—My horse knows as much as I do."

Beatrice H.—Well don't tell anyone, you might want to sell him some day."

L. P.—"Is Mary your sister?" Kid Brother—"Yes." L. P.—"And who is after her?" Kid Brother—"You're the only one I know."

He-"I went down to see Tom yesterday. Poor fellow has the lock-jaw."
She—"Poor boy, I pity him. What did he have to say?"

0 0 0

Miss Ryce—"Will some one give me a good definition of a sheik?"

G. B.—"Yes ma'am—He is the guy who will buy his girl a nickels worth of ginger snaps to show her he is not stingy."

sta sta sta Mr. Crigler-"Name three things that contain starch." Simon—"A collar and two cuffs."

\$ \$ "How old is Miss Thorpe?" "I dunno, she used to teach Caesar."

Miss Richardson—"Jimmie, don't walk that way on the library floor. You will slip down," Jimmie H.—"No'm. I have nails in my shoes."

Teacher—"Why are you late?"
Pupil—"I had to go to Mrs. Smiths' for a word for mother."
Teacher—"A word. What for?"

Pupil—"For a cross word puzzle. Mother didn't know whether it ended in A or

非 非 幸 'Why Cows Leave Home-"Levinson's Meat Market."

"Hold Virginia—(At foot-ball game) him Belding hold him, I know you can."

Miss Thorpe-"Hollis, use 'Malign' in a sentence. Hollis-"I went to Williamsburg last

night and found that 'Malign ain't what it used to be."

Dear Mr. Cold-Gate. I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says "No Mug Required." What shall I do?

Jimmie.

Little Boy watching toy automobile. "Look! mother, it's fast as hell, ain't it ?"

to to to

Modern Mother-"Son, how often have I told you not to use that vulgar word ain't."

Miss Richardson-"You should go to Spain. They play the harp, dance, and spear the bull."

Harvey-"That's nothing, over here we play the victrola, shake the shimmy and shoot the bull."

Stranger—"Have automobiles crowded your parking facilities?"
Native—"Yes, sir! we've had to enlarge, the cemetary twice."

"Here's another hideous thing. I suppose you call this a masterpiece?" "No, sir. That is a looking glass."

Natural Question

Miss Sweet-In some parts of Africa, women wear no clothes at all."

Miss Brier—I wonder what they have to talk about?"

0 0 0

Certain On Some Points

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a boom-

Johnny—"I can't describe it exactly, but I know it has a short tail and can climb trees.'

中中中

Bruce—"How did you puncture your tire with a tack?"

Geo. L.—Nope mosquito bite."

Elliot—"Did you lose a dollar this morning?"

G. Davis—"Yes I believe I did. Did you find one?"

Elliott-"No, Iwas just finding out how much was lost this morning, You make 93.1

0 0 0

Jean-"Which is right, I is crazy or I

Geo. Thomasson—"I am crazy." Jean-"At last you have confessed."

Pupil--"Say, Miss Bonnewell did you hear about a man getting his kicked off?" jaw

Miss Bonnewell—"Goodness

Pupil "By chewing Brown Mule Tobac-co."

OH YOU SENIOR

Belding-(To salesman) "I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

Salesman—"Here you are young man. There's a mirror at your left.'

Miss Bonnewell (to class) "In your homework write a paper on responsibility.

Hayden (Next day) "If I were wearing a pair of suspenders and one strap broke then all the responsibility would be left on the other strap.'

Stuart—"Girls are prettier than boys." Maude—"Naturally." Stuart-"No, Artificially."

Sarah F.—"A quick turn over is what counts in my business", said the farmas a wagon load of hay upset.

aja aja aja

Sarah F.—That conductor glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare.' Mary H.—"What did you do?"
Sarah F.—I glared back as tho I had."

Moody-"Last night I was just strutting my onions.'

B. B. U.—"You call it strutting your onions—but I think you were peeling potatoes.

INFORMATION WANTED

Any information leading to the discovery of a lost black board will be greatly appreciated by Miss Truitt.

Conductor—"Money in the box please." Mr. Pride (Not Thinking) "No I don't believe I care to help the poor children to-day.

"You say Cohen was so badly hurt he was speechless."

"Yes, he broke both arms."

Marvin-"What's the difference in a pig skin and a skinned pig?'

Hermie—"I don't know." Marvin—"You wouldn't be much of a football player then.

He—"Bills a 3 letter man." She — "Baseball, football and track."
He—"No, I.-O.-U."

Ø 6 6

Jimmie Hall-"She is the only girl I fell for.

Hermie--"Well I notice you are still lying there."

Maude—"Give me a sentence using 'rise' as an adjective."
Stuart—"Who sits on a red hot stove shall rise again."

Thelma—"I ain't got no paper."
Teacher—"Correct Thelma please."
Zella—(After passing her tablet) "Yes
you is."

* * *

Johnnie—"Mother, I just seen."

Mother—"Son where in the world is your grammar."

Johnnie—"I was going to tell you she

Johnnie—"I was going to tell you she was in the barber shop having her hair bobbed.

* * *

Teacher—"Give me three pronouns." Shinn—"She, h'm, me."

< \$ \$

Sambo—"Mandy, can I kiss you?" Mandy—Piggly-Wiggly." Sambo—"What you all mean?" Mandy—"Help yo' self."

* * *

Father—"Im afraid I'll never meet you in heaven."
Son—"What you been doing now pop?"

: 0 *

"Laws mose, why you s'pose them flies follows us so close."
"Them ain't flies, them's buck shot."

President of Senior Class:

"We will now make a picture of the smart members of the Senior Class."

Every member marched forward at once.

or or o

Belding U.—to girl in Epes' store:

"I'd like a card to send my best girl."

"Here's a very appropriate one."

B. U.—(Counting on his fingers) "Let's see—I'll need seven-eight—Ten will do."

\$ \$ \$

Geo. Mooney—"There's an awful lot of girls who are crazy about me." Marion—"Yeah—they must be an awful lot."

ge ge de

One time a man went to visit his sweetheart and he stayed three or four days. Every day they had rabbit for breakfast, dinner and supper. So the third day the father asked him to ask the blessing—and this is what he said:

"We've had rabbit young and rabbit old, Rabbit hot and rabbit cold. Rabbit tender, rabbit tough. And now good Lord I've had enough.





Ain't Love Wonderful?

When a fine spring day comes With all the perfumed breezes of the South And you have a whole day holiday And you long to share its glories With the one and only best Girl in the world and she says, "How about a picnic near the river Under the spreading chestnut tree?" And you say "yes, that's fine," And she fixes up the best lunch In all the world, and puts the "Good to the last drop", in the thermos bottle And you crank your little Lizzie and Rattle off until you see The river right before you, then you Stop and jump down on the soft-turfted earth And she looks up into your eyes and smiles And your heart turns a double flip While you prop yourself Against a tree and gently slip your arm About her waist, and neither one say anything For ages and ages and no one else Is near to bother you and You feel you could just go on Like this forever-Gosh! Ain't love wonderful.



Inside Dope

The first trip the football team took this year was over to Gloucester where Morrison played Gloucester High. The usual Fords made their appearance as well as a truck, so quite a number of football enthusiastics followed the team, cheering and singing, by their peppy yells urging the team on to a victory of 49 to 0. This trip was such a pleasant one that with eagerness the crowd looked forward to the next.

The trip to Suffolk had a few more complications than the average one. The boys on the team got there all right, but two of the girls were forgotten until the party was ready to leave on the Virginia. One went back for the two left behind while the rest went on over to Norfolk.

Arriving in Norfolk, the girls went straight to the Monticello. So anxious were they to take a trip around in the revolving doors that three tried to go at once and hung up the whole thing for a while to say nothing of stopping two hurried and breathless business men from coming in or going out of the Hotel. Anyway, this little incident was very amusing to onlookers, so it had its value after all.

The Portsmouth Ferry did not sink and the Suffolk bus was waiting patiently, so in high spirits the Morrison delegation arrived in the land of peanuts and cotton fields.

Meanwhile the three belated ones in Newport News made desperate efforts to connect with everything that would get them to Suffolk in time for the game. A wait of one hour—sixty minutes, thirty-six seconds to be exact—was enough to make them dash on the ferry in advance of the easy going sane crowd in line for the boat. Rushing through the boat, they stopped just in time to keep themselves from falling over the forward end. Then they discovered the startling fact that no other passengers had come on board because the top of the ferry was on fire. The crew had water pouring from large coils of hose. Some men let down the life-boat.

The three unwilling passengers could not get back on shore because the rear gate was closed. Fearfully they watched the smoke die down and the firemen's activities cease. Other passengers ventured on board and the boat was soon under way, and finally reached Norfolk.

A street-car ride at a time like this is a veritable abomination, but this five-mile-an-hour vehicle was the only thing which could take the anxious trio to Norfolk. Like wild people, the three rushed to the Portsmouth Ferry which dragged inself to Portsmouth in time to let the Suffolk bus get a running start and disappear from sight. Forty-five minutes more of delay! And the game would soon start!

The next bus to Suffolk finally started and made good time. Suffolk came in sight and there was yet a walk to the ball field. Cheers were rising, and the old time spirit warmed the hearts of the trio who luckily arrived in time for the second quarter. (Had to pay fifty cents at the gate just the same). Well, the ole' game was fine, and it was mighty good to see the gang united at last at the gridiron. It was a stiff fight the Morrison boys put up, and those on the side-lines were proud of them, you can bet on that!

In Norfolk that night the entire delegation raided a drug store and universally ordered "dopes". (One nickel, everything else a dime). Gasping at the overwhelming ordeal of serving so many, finally the people in the drug store accomplished the task.

"On to the ferry!" was the next cry. (Whoever served those violet mints has the opinion of the innocent victims).

The trip back was interesting enough in may ways, but it was a sleepy bunch who arrived home to dream of the next trip on schedule.

Cape Charles was next in order. Great was the joy of those pupils who were going. Boys and girls jolted along in a truck to the Old Point Pier. And then the fun started!

The boat was a pretty large one, and the Morrison bunch spread themselves all over and on top of it—and those who were seasick on the sides! But in midstream something happened. The boat stopped. The officers became furious, especially the captain who wore out his vocabulary expressing his opinion. How could he know that one of the Morrison boys leaned his elbow on the lever which signaled the engineer to stop? Experience was the only thing that could teach our crowd what the lever was for anyway.

Safe on dry and firm land at last, the question uppermost in everyone's mind was "When do we eat?" At a restaurant, the order was club sandwiches with no unnecessary delay, please. The place being very fashionable, however, the first course was paper napkins. Ten minutes later, knives and forkes came in as second course. Third came glasses of water and long afterwards the aforesaid club sandwiches.

A few hours in Cape Charles and our crowd had a coating of cinders an inch thick which did not prove beneficial to that "school-girl complexion" and were decidedly uncomfortable in our shoes. Well, we just looked like everyone else, so we watched the game like white folks.

It was some game, too. If you don't believe it, ask those who went.

And that moonlight trip home! Oh, little heart, be still. Fate was indeed cruel to the seasick, but those unfortunate ones at least did not bother the rest. Of course this trip ended "happily ever afterward" like the others.

It would not do to leave out our memorable visit to Ashland. A fine array of Fords and various automobiles started out in parade style, and a Barnum-Bailey affair it was, too. One-way street signs didn't mean a thing to the Morrison bunch in Richmond. They went straight on through like warriors of old when a policeman yelled, "Can't you read?" Upon being answered in the negative, he let them pass on with patient resignation.

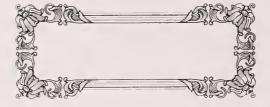
Two snappy games were played that night in the Randolph Macon gym when the girls won and the boys lost. One of our crowd nearly fell over the balcony, but was saved heroically.

Ashland proved a very hospitable place, and the Morrison crowd was well provided for indeed. About break of day—nine o'clock, in truth—Mr. Crigler rallied his forces and cranked the Fords and the parade started on its return trip, stopping long enough in Richmond for some of the gang to buy balloons and toy knick-knacks suitable for the children of tender high school age.

Everybody was tired when they finally arrived home safe and sound, and most of them spent the following day sleeping. Well, they had pep enough when they got

back to give three cheers for the basketball teams, and we'll pass along the observation that they deserved it too.

By way of remarking on things in general, we will say that the crowd which followed the team around this year had, we must say, quite an opportunity to see the world. Certainly some of the things which happened would make up an interesting funny sheet—but then, think of the ones who took part in them.



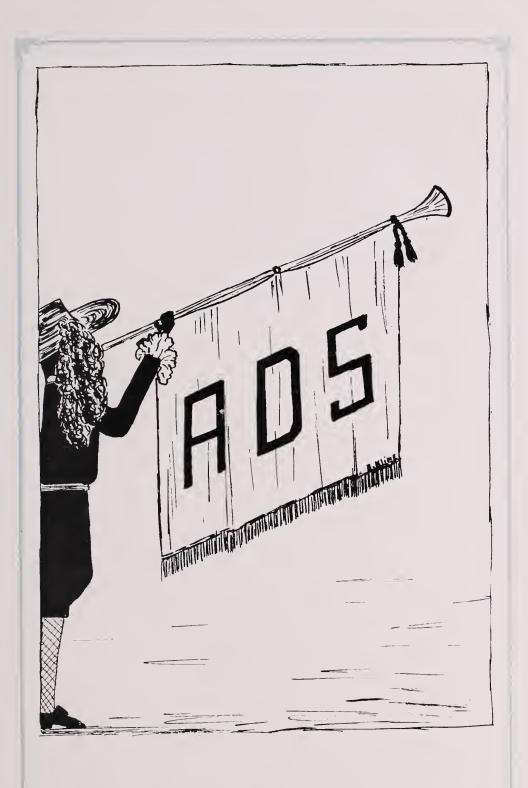
Acknowledgement

THE WARWICK STAFF wishes to acknowledge the kind co-operation of those who have helped to make this issue a success. We feel grateful for the unselfish assistance of Mr. R. H. Pride, Miss Evelyn Ryce, Miss Dorothy Langslow, Miss Ruth Kline, Meedie Hobbs, Elsie King and Miss Constance Adams.

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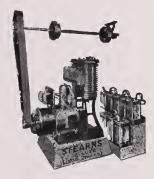
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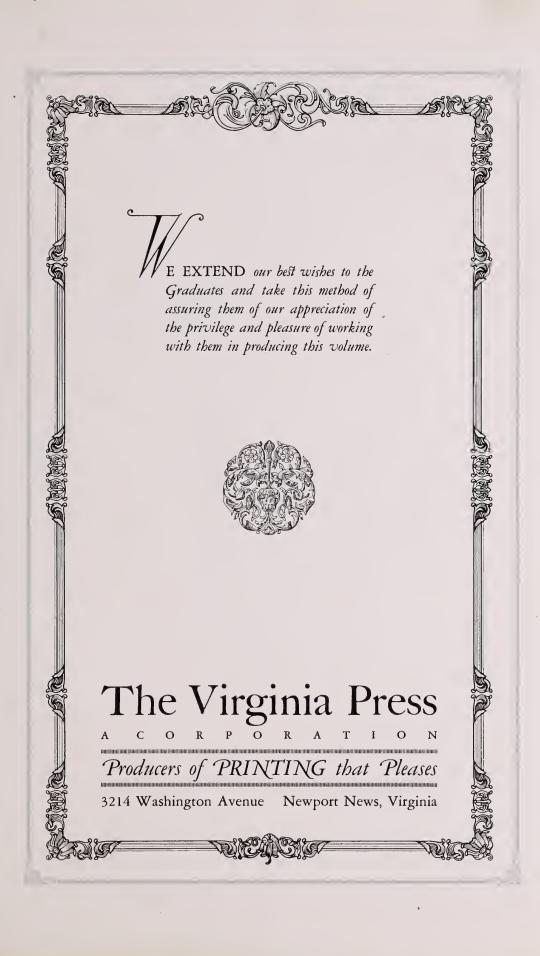
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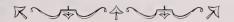
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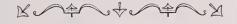
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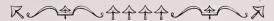
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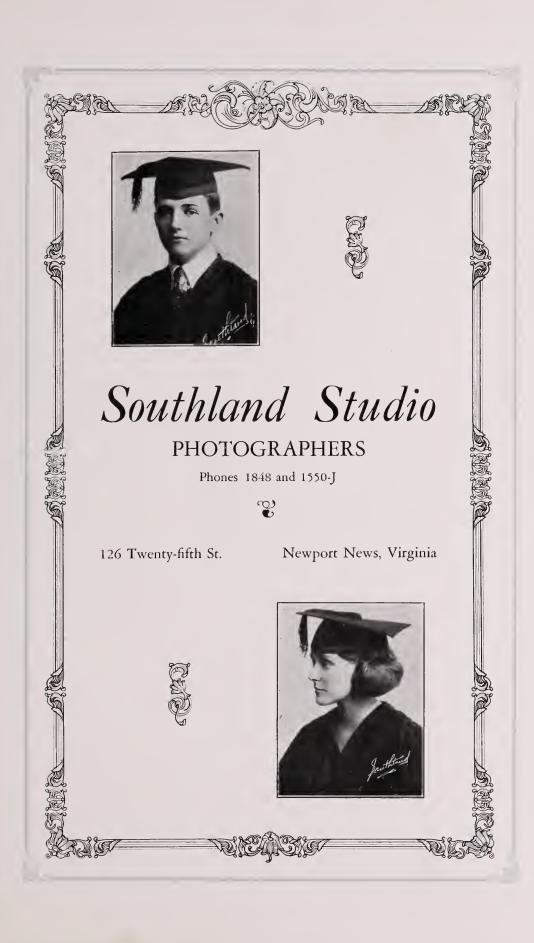
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Jameig, I'll surely miss you - more than you will ever imagine. you've done me good - many days by making me langh. - Though Keep that happy smile and every body will like you heares. (1 do) Don't fraget -Geneviere (. Government Most every time the library is opened. I wincey tomes in and he always has a happy smile we like it lot I wince a happy smile we like it lot. I wince so keep up the good work here. Richarden. It has certainly been a pleasure, Turnicy, to have you in my soon and lasses this userion.

you have lone our teacher many and turn,
and me have land much have been,

when I form is initely hope where he are
pleased to the him you win in the war. Hay 1 H. whome The wines pule. Remember ! Luck amar.

always remember Autographs the not class of 1955 and milded B. Luincy, I hope you we. always summe ter me as Indeed, he seems class of 1925.

Cloth Underwood.

Mellie L. Sarr hust remember your Freshman year at m. N.S. and don't forget martha valk Duiney, 9 always think of you as a Tushman who will make a dandy Sophomore Mest year. Best luck to you, Duinay. Evelyny. Ry







